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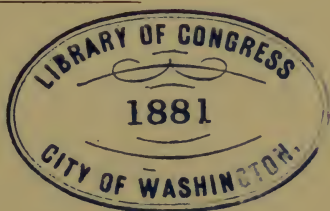
GLEANINGS

AT

SEVENTY-FIVE.

BY

~~X~~
SUSAN LUKENS.



PHILADELPHIA:
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P R E F A C E.

ONE who was accounted wise—was literary and scientific—said that when a man reached the age of seventy, his time for active usefulness was past, he should *be laid on the shelf*. (By the way, he did not act in accordance with that opinion, continuing his literary labors, &c., until many years past that age.) But if any agree with his early assertion, what will they think of one in her seventy-sixth year entering on an untried path?

The reasons—a collection of articles from various sources was interesting to myself and my friends. The latter often urged their publication. For some I copied portions, but could not supply all, and at length I consented to glean from the whole a comparatively small number of articles for publication.

When this was nearly accomplished came many requests to add some of the poetical pieces I had written long since, most of which were published in sundry periodicals about the time they are dated. I had never previously thought of reprinting them; yet here are a few which I venture to put

forth, with a hope that the contents of the book may cause no regret to its readers, or to the gleaner,

SUSAN LUKENS.

ERCILDOUN,
11th month, 1872.

[Since the materials for this publication were prepared for the press, the author, Susan Lukens, has been taken away by death ; having, after a brief illness, peacefully deceased at her residence, at Ercildoun, near Coatesville, Pennsylvania, on the First day of the First month, 1873, aged seventy-six years within a few days.]



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GLEANINGS

AT

SEVENTY-FIVE.

ROBERT BARROW.

ROBERT BARROW was born in Lancashire, England, but was removed in his infancy into the neighborhood of Kendal, in Westmoreland. He was convinced of the truth in 1652, soon after the first meetings of Friends were settled in that county; and, as did many others, he often suffered from fines, distraint of goods, and long imprisonments.

About the year 1668, he received a gift in the ministry, and was a zealous laborer in the Gospel for twenty-six years. His wife was a daughter of Christopher Brisbane, who, for conscientiously refusing to pay tithes, was, at the age of seventy-seven, imprisoned and (even contrary to the law under which his persecutors pretended to act) kept in close confinement more than sixteen months, when he was released by death.

Robert Barrow, on his death-bed (in Philadelphia), often spoke most affectionately of his wife. On one occasion he said: "I married her for the truth's sake,—she was God's gift to me. When I left her, it was as if I was going to my grave. Neither gold nor silver, riches nor

honor, should have parted us,—nothing but that I might be obedient to the Lord, and keep my peace with God.”

Notwithstanding the various fines collected from him, Robert Barrow had, by industry, accumulated an estate; and feeling himself called to more extensive travels for the truth's sake, he, about the year 1690, placed his property in the hands of his son, reserving therefrom an annuity sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of himself and family.

In the Eleventh month, 1690, he was in London; and having attended many meetings with George Fox, he was with him during his short illness, until “he sweetly fell asleep in the Lord,” whose blessed truth he had livingly and powerfully preached in the meeting but two days before.

He travelled twice under a religious concern in Scotland and Ireland; and in 1694 he believed it right to visit in gospel love the American continent and adjacent islands. He felt it a trial at his age to cross the ocean and travel in a foreign land, but above all to take, probably a last farewell of the beloved companion of his life. In speaking of the expected difficulties and dangers of his way, he remarked, that he had rather immediately lay down his natural life, if by so doing he could keep his peace with God, than go to America.

In London he met with Robert Wardell, another ancient minister who was under a similar concern. There also were Samuel Jennings, and Thomas Duckett, of Philadelphia, who, having been on religious service in England, were about returning home.

About the close of the year 1694, Robert Barrow and Robert Wardell arrived in America and travelled through the various provinces, attending 328 meetings in less than a year.

Near the end of the year 1695, they passed over to the West India Islands, and after much service in Bermudas and Antigua, sailed to Jamaica, which they reached the 4th of the Second month, 1696. Although at this time these ancient Friends were both indisposed, they continued diligent in their gospel labors for about two weeks. Robert Wardell then rapidly sank under the effect of the climate, and after four days' confinement, died on the 22d of the same month. He departed in great peace, which condition of mind appears to have been mercifully granted to him throughout his illness. To the woman Friend at whose house he lay, he said, "The Lord reward thee for thy tender care; it makes me think of my dear wife. I know not whether I may ever see her more; but, however, the will of God be done. I am, and was willing to be contented with the will of God, whether life or death, before I came hither; and I bless God I am not afraid to die." He continued to the end giving pertinent exhortations to those who came to visit him, concerning the education of their children, and the support of proper discipline in the church; having a desire, as he told them, that Friends might walk answerable to God's love to them.

Robert Barrow remained on the island four months after the decease of his companion. He was very unwell all the time of his visit, but was enabled to attend every meeting as it came in course, except one. On the 23d of the Sixth month he embarked to return to Philadelphia. The other passengers were Jonathan Dickinson, wife, and infant son, and Benjamin Allen. On board were seven mariners, twelve negroes, and one Indian girl. They had calms for many days, loss of an anchor, and deviations from their proper course, caused by the master's fears of encountering the French fleet. On the 18th of Seventh month the master had his leg broken, and the

Indian girl died. A northeast storm set in on the 22d, which, early on the morning of the 23d, drove the vessel on the coast of Florida. The storm subsided towards daylight, and they found themselves on a beach of sand, which was left bare by every receding wave. There were Robert Barrow, an aged man, who had been sick more than five months; the captain, whose leg had been recently broken; Benjamin Allen, who had been very ill most of the voyage; a delicate woman and sick child, besides several others.

They saw a country without trees, whose only vegetation was the shrubby palmetto growing on the sand-hills. Under some of these bushes, which broke the violence of the wind, but gave no protection from the rain, they made a fire, and the invalids were placed around it. Most of the seamen and negroes were employed in carrying their chests and provisions on shore.

While thus employed, two Indians rapidly approached them, foaming with their exertions in running, and having Spanish knives in their hands. They each seized one of the seamen and dragged him towards the group by the fire. Some of the crew would have killed the assailants, but Jonathan Dickinson persuaded them to offer no resistance, and advised them to put their trust in the Lord. He then, whilst the Indians stood looking with wild and furious countenances on the invalids, offered them some pipes and tobacco, which they eagerly seized and departed rapidly as they came. The Friends knew the Indians of Florida were accounted cannibals, and cruel usage and painful death appeared before them. But some of them were favored to seek after and obtain a portion of deep, quiet retirement of mind, in which they were given some hope, for which in secret they blessed the name of the Lord, in whom was their only trust.

Knowing that the Spanish nation had great influence

over the Florida Indians, the greater part of the company agreed to endeavor to pass for Spaniards, one of the seamen being competent to act as spokesman in that language. But Robert Barrow could not assent to the falsehood.

Soon great numbers of Indians arrived, and most of them commenced taking from the vessel all that remained in it, but the cacique or king, with about thirty others, rushed upon the little band who were quietly sitting around the fire. The Indians were armed like the first two who came, except the cacique, who had a bayonet. They cried out "Nicholeer," meaning English, but were not understood, and the captives were silent. They then cried "Espania," Spanish, to which some of the seamen assented. During this time the little company sat calm and still, under the covering of the spirit of prayer; when the cacique placed himself behind Jonathan Dickinson, and one of his band behind each of the other prisoners. Their knives were elevated, and they looked to their king, as if for a signal to commence the work of slaughter.

They were at first loud in words, but the quietness of their prisoners seemed to affect their minds, and they also became silent; though they stood in the same threatening position for a quarter of an hour, their countenances had fallen. They then proceeded to open the chests, &c., and divided the contents among themselves. They stripped of most of their clothing all the prisoners except R. Barrow, the captain, and J. Dickinson's wife and child.

The cacique appeared to feel some kindness towards them, and at his suggestion they erected a tent, and gathered some leaves to lie on. They endeavored to obtain permission from the king to pass northward along the beach, desiring to reach St. Augustine, but he said no, they should go southward with him. The Indians

seemed to doubt the prisoners being Spaniards, and often asked if they were not "Nicholeer;" on the 25th the king addressed the question to Robert Barrow, who answered in the affirmative. On this the company were stripped of most of the little clothing they had previously been allowed to retain. The prisoners were then ordered to march. One of the negroes was allowed to assist the captain, but J. Dickinson's wife was obliged to carry her child, each of the others being laden with the spoil. Their course was south, and for five miles they waded through deep sand under an oppressive sun.

They were then ferried across an inlet to the Indian town, where they passed the night. On the 26th, the little band were gathered into silence, and some of them, as at sundry other times, were favored to feel the presence of the Lord in the midst of them. On this occasion, R. Barrow was much favored in testimony, and also in supplication, that if it was his Heavenly Father's will, they might be preserved from the perils around them. It was a season of refreshing and strengthening. The heart of the cacique was softened, and he told the prisoners they might depart; which they did 28th of Seventh month, the cacique protecting them to the last. He furnished a boat and a small stock of provisions for the invalids and weak ones.

After various dangers, especially from a rough sea, they landed and passed the night of the 29th on shore, and met those of their companions who had come by land.

On the 30th, great numbers of Indians from St. Lucia, came fiercely upon them, crying "Nicholeer;" all who had any clothing were quickly stripped of it; the Indians appeared much enraged, and drew their arrows, but suddenly became calm, and R. Barrow, J. Dickinson, his wife and child, were sent in a canoe over an inlet into the town. The Indians there seemed even more enraged than the

others. Those who had rowed them over, sprang into the water to save themselves. Arrows were shot towards them, but the wife of the cacique and some others interceded for the lives of the prisoners.

They were taken on shore, when a great contest arose among the Indians, some wishing to kill, others to save them. Many arrows were shot; J. Dickinson's wife received several severe blows, and one Indian offered to cut her throat, but on the interference of her husband desisted. A handful of sand was thrust into the mouth of the babe, but the wife of the cacique rescued them.

The chief Indians held a council, at the close of which some articles by way of clothing were given to the prisoners.

Eighth month 1st. The cacique and women appeared kind, but they were told they should be taken to the next town, in which was a company of "Nicholeers" who were to be killed.

At ten o'clock at night, they were hurried away, with an Indian for a guide, while men and boys followed them for miles, pelting them as they went. The night was cold, but the day very hot, and they suffered much from fatigue, exhaustion, and want of water. At length they met the cacique of the town of Jece, which they were approaching. He appeared kind, said he would be their friend, and send them to Augustine. When they entered his town, he brought water and washed R. Barrow's feet, which had suffered grievously from stumps and stones on the way; there were many holes in them in which a finger might be laid. On the 3d the cacique left them to demand a share of the money he understood was raised from the wreck of their vessel.

Then a storm of unusual fury occurred, which drove the sea into the town, and forced the inhabitants to leave

it. For several days the prisoners had no food or fresh water. The infant received sustenance from Indian women, which sustained its life.

On the 11th the cacique returned ; he appeared incensed against his prisoners, and on being reminded of his promise to send them to St. Augustine, made many excuses. At length concluding to go thither himself, he consented to take one of the company—the seaman who spoke Spanish—with him. They left on the 18th. Food was scarce, and the prisoners suffered much from hunger ; they would pick up the gills and entrails of fish, and thankfully drank the water in which the Indians had boiled their fish. Yet through all, the confidence of some did not fail ; they quietly trusted that the Lord would work their deliverance.

On the 2d of Ninth month the old cacique returned, accompanied by twelve Spaniards, sent by the governor of Augustine, who, having heard of shipwrecks, feared they might be of vessels he had recently despatched ; and he sent this force to protect the crews, with orders to their captain to save those who had escaped from the wrecks, of whatever country they might be. The crew of another shipwrecked vessel was also at Jece. On the 3d, R. Barrow and thirteen others, accompanied by four Indians, set out in a boat for Augustine ; they had been two days without food, when they were overtaken by those of the two wrecks they had left behind them, but they could spare them only a few berries ; all, during this journey, were frequently two days without anything to eat. On the 10th they passed a town, where, their Spanish guide informed them, the shipwrecked crew of a Dutch vessel had been killed and eaten twelve months before. The weather became very cold, and being obliged to encamp out at night, though they made large fires, they suffered

severely. On the 13th they were forced to wade to their boats, and after going two leagues in them, were landed in a marsh, through which they had to pass a mile, and then walk five or six leagues to the residence of a Spanish sentinel. The northwest wind was violent, and the stoutest thought they could not survive that day. After going two miles, Benjamin Allen became stiff, his speech failed, and he began to foam at the mouth. J. Dickinson ran on several miles to endeavor to obtain help, but it was too late. When R. Barrow came to the place where he was laid, he stopped and spoke to him; he was too far gone to answer, but he cried piteously. Five of the company perished that day, four of whom were well in the morning.

J. Dickinson, his wife and child, reached the sentinel's house, about an hour after nightfall; R. Barrow in less than two hours afterward. Some of the company missed the house and travelled thirty-six hours without intermission. Those who reached the house were in great pain, their feet extremely bruised, the skin entirely off, and a mass of sand and blood caked to them. After a night of suffering they were forced to proceed, though the wind was high as the previous day. The house of the next sentinel was on the north side of an inlet. He came across in a canoe for them, would not suffer them to enter his house, but caused them to build a fire under the lee of it; in half an hour gave each a cup of cassena, and two quarts of Indian corn to be divided among all, then bade them depart to the next sentinel's house, one league farther. There they were kindly received, and furnished with a plentiful repast.

Next day a canoe arrived for them, sent by the governor of Augustine. The day was cold, and the company in a suffering condition, but two hours before sundown

they reached Augustine, and were taken to the governor's house. He sent Mary Dickinson to his wife's apartments, and kindly cared for the others. They were quartered among the inhabitants, who were very kind to them, and clothed them with the best they could procure. R. Barrow was suffering severely from diarrhœa, which reduced him very low.

After signing an obligation to pay for the provisions and clothing they had purchased, they parted from the governor with mutually kind feelings; and 29th of Ninth month, with a captain and six soldiers, sailed to Santa Cruz, where they passed the night, being supplied by the Indians with such provisions as they needed.

On the 2d of Tenth month they reached the town of St. Mary, where they made such provision as they could for their journey to Carolina. They left St. Mary on the 5th, with seven large canoes, seven Spaniards, and more than thirty Indians to pilot and row them. After much wet and cold travelling, during which R. Barrow could neither be made warm, nor obtain natural rest, they reached the first settlement in Carolina on the 22d.

This belonged to Richard Bennet, who received them very kindly, provided for them plentifully, and treated their Spanish conductors with great hospitality. On the 24th they reached the country-seat of Governor Blake, who showed them much kindness, and sent R. Barrow to the house of his neighbor, Margaret Bammers, an ancient Friend, who, he said, would be careful of him and nurse him. The others went to Charleston, where they separated.

R. Barrow continued very weak. Early in First month 1697, he was taken into Charleston, where he lay at the house of Mary Cross. In a letter to his wife he writes thus of his kind hostess:—

“At last we arrived at Ashley River; and it pleased God I had the great fortune to have a good nurse, one whose name you have heard of, a Yorkshire woman, born within two miles of York; her maiden name was Mary Fisher, she that spake to the great Turk; afterwards William Bayley’s wife. She is now my landlady and nurse. She is a widow of a second husband; her name is now Mary Cross.”*

R. Barrow was anxious to reach Philadelphia, and though the captain who was to take J. Dickinson and family, was unwilling to receive him on board in his weak condition, his earnest entreaties prevailed. They embarked First month 18th, and arrived 1st of Second month. Many Friends went on board to see R. Barrow, he being too weak from his disorder (which had been on him fourteen weeks) to be removed that night. His mind was strong, and he rejoiced to see his friends; expressed great satisfaction that the Lord had granted his request to bring him to that place, that he might lay down his body there. Next day, having wrapped him in a blanket, and placed him in a hammock, divers Friends assisted in carrying him to the dwelling of Samuel Carpenter, where, having many of his friends around him, his heart seemed to overflow with gratitude to his Creator. He said, “My heart is yet strong, and my memory and understanding good.” He continued in a sweet, thankful frame of mind, saying, “The Lord has been very good to me all along, unto this very day; and this very morning hath sweetly refreshed me.” “It is a good thing to have a conscience void of offence towards God, and to-

* Mary Cross was married to her second husband, John Cross, of London, in the year 1678. They emigrated to South Carolina, where, it is supposed, she passed the remainder of her eventful life.

wards men." "The Lord, in bringing me hither hath given me the desire of my heart, and if I die here I am very well satisfied, and believe my wife will be well satisfied also, for as the Lord gave her to me, and gave me to her, even so have we given one another up." "The Lord is with me and all is well; I have nothing of guilt upon me, and have nothing to do but to die, and if I die now, I shall die like an innocent child;"— with much more of the same import, and he gave much solid advice to his friends. On the 4th he dictated a letter to his wife, after which he seemed gradually to sink. A friend who stood by his bedside, remarking in a low voice, he believed that Robert was not sensible, he immediately said, "I have my senses very perfect, and thank the Lord that He hath not left me, but preserved me in my understanding to this moment." The last sentence understood was, "God is good still." Then, after lying quietly for a time, he gently passed away, Second month 4th, 1697.

JOHN LEIFCHILD.

John Leifchild was formerly "minister of an Independent Chapel in England." He relates the following as a singular lapse of memory which once befell him, and which he never before or afterwards experienced. "When I rose from sleep, I could not recollect any portion of the discourse, which I had prepared on the day before; and what was most strange, I could not even remember the text of the prepared sermon. I was perplexed, and walked out before breakfast in Kensington Gardens. While there, a particular text occurred to my mind; and my thoughts seemed to dwell upon it so much that I resolved to preach from it, without further attempt-

ing to recall what I had prepared,—a thing which I had never ventured to do, during all my ministry. From this text I preached, and it was, ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ I preached with great liberty, and in the course of the sermon, I quoted the lines,—

‘Beware of desperate steps ! the darkest day—
Live till to-morrow—will have passed away.’

“I afterwards learned, that a man in despair, had that very morning gone to the Serpentine to drown himself in it. For this purpose he had filled his pockets with stones, hoping to sink at once. Some passengers, however, disturbed him, while on the brink, and he returned to Kensington, intending to drown himself in the dusk of the evening. On passing my Chapel, he saw a number of people crowding into it, and thought he would join them in order to pass away the time. His attention was riveted to the sermon, which seemed to be in part composed for him; and when he heard me quote the lines alluded to, he resolved to abandon his suicidal intentions.”

JAMES SIMPSON.

James Simpson, son of John and Hannah Simpson, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of the Third month, 1743. His father died when he was about three years of age. During his minority, he was much exposed to raw and profane companions, and seldom, if ever, had an opportunity of attending religious meetings of the Society of Friends, although he had a birthright in the Society. His mother married a Pres-

byterian, and her children were brought up under his care.

James learned the trade of a cooper, and after the marriage of his elder brother, John, went to reside with him, nearly four miles from Buckingham Meeting, of which he was a member, and of which he became a diligent attender when in health. Having passed through deep baptisms, he had humbly to acknowledge the Divine goodness, in manifesting the gospel light to his benighted soul, when almost sunk into a state of despair. This he compared to the light of the sun, breaking from thick clouds, and darting its rays through a glass window into a room (which in the dark, might have been supposed to be clean and in order), discovering not only all that was out of order, but even the cobwebs, the spiders and the insects that had taken up an abode therein, manifesting that there was much to be done within the chamber.

The Divine Light also showed him an extensive prospect of labor without; and he felt his soul raised to an ecstasy of hope and joy, in an evidence that he was received into favor with his Heavenly Father. In the expandings of Divine love, his vision was extended to almost all parts of the country; and his heart being filled with affection to his fellow-creatures, he felt as though he was commissioned to preach the gospel of salvation to them. A day and place, he remarked, not to be forgotten by him!

From this time he believed that he was anointed, and, in due season, he was called to the gospel ministry; soon after which he had a dream that sealed deep instruction on his mind. He thought he was standing by the meeting-house at Buckingham, and saw a number of iron pots standing out, open to the firmament; he saw they were covered with rust, and there was much rubbish

within them. As he looked at them, a person who stood by told him it was his business to cleanse and scour these pots. James felt himself weak, and told the person he could not do it,—that his strength was not sufficient to scour one of them. The person told him he was not required to do more than his strength would warrant; but that he must begin at one, do something at it, and if he could not finish it at one time, leave it, and try it again; and so on, working at them from one time to another; and his strength would be increased in proportion to his labor, till he would be enabled to finish the work that was given him to do.

Being of a weakly constitution, and the trade of a cooper not agreeing with his health, and also being poor, he was often much discouraged, fearing (as he expressed) that he should become chargeable to the parish. He therefore engaged, with a partner, in a small retail store in Buckingham. While thus employed, his ministry being approved, he joined with several Friends in a religious visit to the families of members within the limits of Buckingham Monthly Meeting. Previously to entering on the service, he had purchased a hogshead of rum for sale. In the course of the visits, while sitting in a family at Plumstead, the hogshead of rum came before him, with such melancholy reflections on the mischief it might occasion, as produced much discouragement, and a desire to relinquish the service he was engaged in, and return home. This desire he expressed to his friends, but they not being willing to part with him, he accompanied them to several places; but his uneasiness continued, and the hogshead of rum being constantly before him, he was entirely silent. Some of his companions spoke a few words at some places, but at length all vocal service closed, and they sat in several families in silence.

A state of general depression having at length taken place among them, they took an opportunity together to search for the cause. James again requested to be released, saying he was a Jonah aboard the ship. Oliver Paxson then fixing his eyes on him, inquired his reasons, saying: "The eyes of the people are upon thee; if thou desert us, we cannot proceed without thee to satisfaction." James then informed them what he had done, and how the hogshead of rum was continually before him. He was asked what he wished to do, and told them it now appeared to be his duty to go home and tell his partner to dispose of that rum to such only as would not be likely to make a bad use of it, and that no more spirituous liquors should be purchased in his name; which his friends agreeing to, he went home and made arrangements with his partner to that effect. He then felt his mind relieved, and proceeded on the family visits to satisfaction. From this time he steadily bore a testimony against the selling and unnecessary use of spirituous liquors.

As it was customary to keep ardent spirits for sale in country stores, and the use of it was at that time general among Friends and others, it is probable these circumstances might have discouraged him from continuing in the business of a storekeeper.

He next undertook brush-making; but the want of a market for his manufactures was discouraging. Still he was anxious to do something to gain an honest livelihood, and often waded through deep discouragement of mind; under which, he said, he frequently put up his petitions to his great Master, to open his way and show him what he should do. And such was his humiliation, that he was willing to exert his little bodily strength, without regarding how mean the employment might ap-

pear in the sight of the people. While under this close trial, he had a remarkable dream, in which he was instructed in the whole art of raising broom corn, and making brooms; and considering it a kind interposition of Providence on his behalf, he resolved to follow the directions thus communicated, and clearly impressed on his mind. He therefore procured seed, planted it, nursed and raised the broom corn, prepared it as directed, and in due time was able to realize the substantial broom. Pleased with his success, he took a small load of them to Philadelphia, where he exhibited them in the market for sale. He waited some time for purchasers without much success, when he noticed that an oysterman, who was travelling the street with his wheelbarrow, and making proclamation of what he had to dispose of, had customers; a thought occurred, that he was standing there idle, because his pride would not suffer him to do likewise; he therefore took a bundle of brooms on his shoulder; and as he walked the street offering them for sale, was met by Nicholas Waln, who accosted him with his usual pleasantry, though with marks of surprise at his employment, and said it would never do for James Simpson to be peddling brooms about the street. James replied the occupation was honest, and the method he had adopted for the sale appeared necessary. Nicholas finally purchased his brooms, but advised him to follow some other business. James could not agree to that, so he pursued the broom-making, in addition to brush-making; and by these means supported himself by the labor of his own hands.

In the Second month, 1789, James Simpson took a certificate from Buckingham to Horsham Monthly Meeting, and at the Billet (now called Hatborough) he pursued the business of making brooms and brushes,—carried on

some coopering business, and kept earthenware, with a few other articles for sale.

In the Tenth month, 1790, he married Martha Shoemaker, a widow. His last residence was at Frankford.

He at one time observed to a Friend, that he apprehended his time was drawing to a close, and he had thought of leaving some notes of particular visitations and divine openings, which he had experienced in his youthful days, saying, he believed his path in some respects had been singular. He mentioned many subjects, and proposed that his friend should at a future time commit them to writing (from his dictation), which was promised, but *postponed*, and never accomplished. A memoir of him has been published, but it is cause for regret that his concern was not attended to.

In the character of James Simpson were some singularities and eccentricities, yet through and over all these the purity and originality of his mind were often displayed in a remarkable manner; evincing, with clear demonstration, that the cause of truth and righteousness was dear to his heart. The instructive application of his parables, similes, and metaphors, drawn from common occurrences, from natural things, and familiar objects, was peculiarly impressive. When in his usual health, he manifested a fear of death, but at the last all fear was taken away. A friend, calling to see him, found him lying on his bed. James said he had been very poorly, but then felt easier; the friend left him, but was soon recalled, when James appeared to be composed, and said to him, "I believe I am going to leave you." A few minutes after he said to his wife, "My dear, I am going to leave you." His pulse being sunk, it then appeared probable to his friends that his close was near. He supplicated that if his day's work was done, his bands might be loosed, and he re-

ceived into rest, and not continued to be a burden to his friends. Shortly after, he requested to be turned over, then said, "It is done! It is done!"—after which he breathed a few times, then quietly departed, on the 9th of Fourth month, 1811, over 68 years of age.

James Simpson was at times subject to deep dejection, when he thought himself unable to do anything, but even when he felt most debased, he would, under religious exercise, be as lively in testimony as in times of more cheerfulness. Indeed, it was remarked he was frequently most favored, when raised from one of those seasons of deep depression. He once went to Philadelphia, with a certificate, to visit the families of Friends there, and Sarah Harrison, who was under a like concern, uniting with him in his prospect, David Bacon, an experienced elder, was appointed to accompany them. On the last day of their visits they were to commence with the family of Governor Dickinson, whose wife and daughters were members. During the previous night James became much depressed, and thought he could not go to the Governor's house; so in the morning he determined to go home and leave the other friends to perform that visit. Thinking, however, it would be dishonorable not to inform David Bacon of his purpose, he went to his house, with his horse saddled and the baggage on. After fastening his horse, he went in and told David he had come to bid him farewell. "Farewell!" said David, "why, where art thou going?" "Home," said James. "Thou must not go; where is thy horse?" "It is at the door." David told his man to take the horse back to the stable and have it taken care of. He then took James with him to Sarah Harrison's, and they all proceeded to Governor Dickinson's house. On the way they were obliged to keep a constant watch on James, lest he should desert

them. Just before reaching the Governor's house, James clapped his hands together, earnestly exclaiming, "If I live through this day, I shall live forever." When they entered the house, the Governor was not present. James sat down, threw his hat under the chair, and placed his head between his knees. After some time the Governor slid quietly in, and James soon began slowly to raise his head, and commenced a discourse which, for religious weight and instruction, Sarah Harrison thought she had never heard excelled.

James Simpson, while engaged in religious service within the compass of Concord Quarterly Meeting, appointed a meeting to be held at Providence; but after notice thereof had been given, an attack of his constitutional depression came on, and he was dipped into a state of self-loathing, and so stripped of all feeling of ability for service that he concluded he could not go to the meeting, and must go home. His companion, finding his efforts to change James's purpose unavailing, proposed they should remain where they were that night, adding, that in the morning, if it should seem best, would be time enough to set out for home. The morning came, but it was still night to James; his depression continued, and his desire to go home was not lessened. His friend then proposed that they should sit down together, to seek in silence and quietude, the Master's will in the matter. As they sat a precious solemnity fell upon them, and after a time James rose, exclaiming in a cheerful, thankful manner, "I can go to the meeting now! The Master has promised to send his servant Eli Yarnall there to pray for me."

They went to the meeting-house, and the people gathered. After they were settled, Eli Yarnall came in. He was soon bowed in vocal supplication, that the Lord

would be pleased to support and comfort his afflicted servant. His concern seemed to be confined to the strengthening of his sorrowful fellow-laborer in the gospel, who had been in such a low place. James was then, with renewed faith in the sufficiency of Divine grace to qualify him for the service called for at his hand, enabled to travail in spirit for the everlasting well-being of those present; and he was soon raised on his feet and enabled to preach the gospel of life and salvation with fervency and power.

At the meeting, Eli Yarnall spoke of having been *dragged there* that day. He was at work in a field, when he felt an impression on his mind, as though one had spoken to him, that he must go to Providence Meeting that day. He was startled; no information of the appointment had reached him, and he said to himself, "It is not the day of the week on which Providence Meeting is held." He reasoned against the impression, but after some internal conflict submitted to it, and went to his house. His wife observed to him it was not the day on which Providence Meeting was held, but faithful to the impression of duty he went, the time he had spent in reasoning against it causing him to be late at meeting.

SERMON BY JAMES SIMPSON.

(A few months previous to his decease.)

"What I am going to relate is but a simple story, and it is very probable some of you may have heard me tell it before; but it has taken such possession of my mind, that I thought I would just drop it for your consideration. When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright

in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it could not be to his own advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian: 'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through this world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this, friends; but one journey through the world! The hours that are past are gone forever, and the actions in those hours can never be recalled! I do not throw it out as a charge, nor mean to imply that any of you are dishonest, but the words of this good Presbyterian have often impressed my mind, and, I think, in an instructive manner. But one journey! We are allowed but one journey through the world, therefore let none of us say, 'My tongue is my own, I'll talk what I please; my time is my own, I'll go where I please; I can go to meeting, or, if the world calls me, I'll stay at home; it's all my own.' Now this won't do, friends. It is as impossible for us to live as we list, and then come here and worship, as it is for a lamp to burn without oil. It is utterly impossible. And I was thinking what a droll composition man is; he is composed of dollars, cents, newspapers, &c., and bringing, as it were, the world on his back, he comes here to perform worship, or at least he would have it appear so. Now friends, I just drop it before we part, for your consideration. Let each one try himself, and see how it is with his own soul."

JAMES SIMPSON AND A DOCTOR.

The following circumstance was related by James Simpson after his return from a religious visit to some of the Eastern States. It occurred whilst he was travelling in Rhode Island.

“I met with a young doctor, whom I took to be a deist. I asked him if he was not a deist, and he frankly acknowledged he was. I then remarked to him that I supposed it was of no use to talk with him about the Scriptures, for he did not believe them. His answer was, ‘No, sir, I do not.’ ‘Well,’ replied I, ‘as it is reason thou buildest upon, render me a reason for thy disbelief.’ That he thought he could readily do, ‘for,’ said he, ‘there are so many foolish, nonsensical passages in them, that it is beneath a man of good understanding to believe them.’ I then requested him to single out one of those foolish passages, and the one he fixed upon was the woman being cured of a grievous disease by touching the hem of our Saviour’s garment; which he considered foolish nonsense, and that it was beneath a man of good understanding to believe such tales.

“I then told him I supposed he was well acquainted with the power of electricity. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘he was.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘supposing thou had never seen or heard tell of it, and a stranger, as I am, should come from another country and tell thee he could fill thee so full of fire, that another touching thy garment, the fire would fly out of thee into him; wouldst thou not think it a foolish tale, that was not worth thy notice?’ After some pause, he said he thought he should. I then remarked to him, ‘If a man can be filled so full of fire that, another touching his garment, the fire will go into him (as this we know to be the case), why not admit the Saviour of the

world to be so filled with heavenly virtue that, another touching his garment, virtue should go out of him into them? at which he sat a considerable time silent; and, finding he was in a better state to hear *me*, I asked him this question: 'Hast thou never been sitting in thy room, thinking little or nothing (not nothing, because thoughts are never quite still), and all at once something alarms thee—perhaps it is a gun shot off out yonder—and so soon as that sound strikes thy ear, thy eye is turned to see; and when thy eye discovers it, thy nerves and members are at command to start up and go. Now, as thou art a physician, and pretends to understand the human frame, render me a reason (as it is reason thou buildest upon), of this intelligence from the ear to the eye, and so on to thy other faculties and members.' His answer was, "Oh, sir, that is out of my power."

"Finding him now in a better state to hear than to talk, I went on from one thing to another, till I beat him as effectually out of his deism, I believe, as ever a man was beaten out of anything. And I thought he loved me as well as ever he loved any man, for he followed me several hundred miles, and assisted me in appointing meetings where there were no Friends."

A DREAM OF OLIVER PAXSON.

Oliver Paxson, a valuable Elder, who resided in Solebury, Bucks County, had a dream from which he derived instruction. He thought he was from home, and, being about to return, had a stream of water to pass over. On reaching the crossing-place, he found a large serpent, who told him he had always been his enemy, and now he was determined he should not pass there. Oliver said

that was his way home, and he must go through; but the serpent still opposed him, and in discouragement he turned away. But thoughts of the distress his family would experience, should he not return, again strengthened his resolution, and he determined to return and go through. He found now that the serpent had received a reinforcement of its kind, and the obstacles to crossing were more formidable than before. But the thoughts of home prompted him, and saying, "Go through I will," he made a cut with his whip at the serpents, who all slunk away. The conclusion he arrived at from this dream was, "Turn from duty, and fresh impediments will arise; resist the devil and he will flee."

Oliver Paxson was a faithful man in every condition in life, and peculiarly serviceable in religious society. He departed in peace, Tenth month 29th, 1817, aged 76 years.

"He was a man who stood as a pillar in the church, and as a watchman on the walls of Zion, zealous in the support of the primitive principles and testimonies" of the Religious Society of Friends.

ABEL HAUGHTON.

(Pronounced Hooten.)

Thomas Watson, of New England, a minister of the Society of Friends, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, went in the night season, to the window of Abel Haughton, and cried out, "Abel, Abel! if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Many years afterwards, when Abel Haughton, who was a talented and highly gifted man, had long been an approved minister, he through unwatchfulness suffered himself to become very much interested in politics,

and united with the New Lights (as some seceders from the Society of Friends were called). At length, about the year 1814, he took a contract to make one thousand pairs of shoes for soldiers at that time engaged in war; and soon after fell away so far as to become terribly profane. Some time after that, he was affected with "shaking palsy;" could not feed himself, and shook so much that it was very difficult for another to feed him. But his wife would stand by him, with one hand wiping the saliva, which was constantly streaming from his mouth, and with the other giving him food from a spoon, while he constantly assailed her with dreadful imprecations.

This state of things had continued three years, when through the power of Divine Grace, he was brought to a sense of his condition. He sent for the overseers of the meeting of which he had been a member, told them they did right to disown him, and appeared very penitent. After he had sent for them a second time, the Monthly Meeting at Lynn, Massachusetts, appointed a committee to visit him; one member of which had previously felt a concern to do so. During their interview with him, he was very deeply affected. The committee were convinced that he was truly penitent and humble, and made a favorable report to the Monthly Meeting. One Friend, who could not unite with the report, was requested to visit Abel; he did so, and at the next Monthly Meeting said, "If any are not satisfied, let them visit him as I did." A. Haughton was received again into membership, and was so entirely changed, that his wife said she was paid for all she had suffered. He lived two or three years, but was unable to go out.

ACCOUNT OF TWO FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a man and his wife, members of the Religious Society of Friends, who resided in some part of Scotland, having by their industry saved some money over and above their necessary support, the woman Friend said to her husband, in reference to this their saving: "We must consider how we may make a right use of this overplus we are favored with." They accordingly consulted together on the subject, concluding if this was not properly attended to, a blast might come on their future endeavors for further supplies of necessities; and at length concluded they could do no better than build a meeting-house with it, there not being one in the place where they resided.

They accordingly went to work; the woman Friend trod the clay of which the walls were composed, with her bare feet; a window was made north and south, but not of glass; only wooden shutters to cover each of the holes left to admit light, and when the wind was on the north side of the house, the south shutter was to be opened, and so again reversed. This work was completed by their own labor and their savings, which amounted only to the sum of five pounds, as they had but little more to purchase than doors, window-frames, rafters, and shutters, with boards for seats, the supporters of which were made, like the walls of the building, with mud.

Two women Friends travelling in the work of the ministry, being that way, had a meeting in this meeting-house; report says, one of the most favored to them they remembered to have ever had.

They returned home with the proprietors of this humble place of worship, and gave the following report of their

entertainment ; on taking their seats, a wooden bowl of crowdy, which is oat-meal boiled in water with vegetables, served up as soup, was given to each of them.

After the meal was over, the man entertained his guests with the following narrative, saying: "He had a good fortune with his wife, for he had been taking out of it ever since they had been together, and yet he could not perceive it was any ways lessened." This good fortune which he had with his wife, he informed them, consisted of six shillings and eight pence, with which he bought the brock, as he called it, meaning the pot in which the crowdy had been boiled, they had been partaking of.

WILLIAM TUCHOLD.

(Pronounced Touchhold.)

William Tuchold resided in Barmen, near Elberfeld, on the river Wupper, Prussia. He was a shoemaker, and had from eleven to thirteen men working for him. In 1830 he became convinced of the principles of Friends, and changed his dress, putting on a plain coat and hat, in consequence of which his customers immediately left him; even those who had shoes in his shop to be mended took them away, so that he was obliged to discharge his men, and in the course of a week had no work to do. His wife and her family, who were Presbyterians, were very much opposed to him, calling Friends anti-Christians. And thinking William would not have enough to support his family, his wife's father and her brother came to take her home with them. They packed up all the goods she had brought there, leaving only a table and settee. When all were in the wagon, they told her to bring the children and come with them. William was seated on the settee,

trying to compose his mind and look to his Maker. His wife took the children, but looked back from the door and said, "William, is it possible to see me and the children go away?" He answered, "Thou know'st I love thee, and that I suffer these things for the love of my Saviour. If thou lovest father and mother more than me, thou wilt have to go with them, for I love Christ more than thee and my children. 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.'" She immediately returned, fell on his neck, and said, nothing but death should separate them; she was willing to suffer all things with him for Truth's sake. She then told her father she could not go, he might take all the goods, she could not leave William, but would stay with him to live or die. Her father and brother, though very much perplexed by the change, drove off with the goods. But the horses would not pull together, and the goods fell off. Feeling much distressed, they finally concluded to turn back; and when they had done so, the horses worked well, and the goods staid on until they again arrived at the house, where they unloaded them all. William said he rejoiced in his heart that he had been enabled to give up all, wife and children, for Truth's sake, and it was marvellous in his eyes, that after all was given up, the Master had given all back. His wife's family became reconciled to him. He commenced another business, and prospered in it. All in that place who became convinced of Friends' principles, had to suffer more for plainness of dress and address than any other of their testimonies.

DOCTOR PAYSON.

Dr. Payson used the following illustration in familiar conversation with a friend: "God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study engaged in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry, I do not go to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others, or from which it may be diverted by some toys. But if its cries continue, and I find that nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave everything and go to it. So when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them immediately, but waits to see whether the cry is repeated, and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his Father's presence, this blessing will not be long withheld."

During the last illness of Dr. Payson, a friend coming into his room, remarked familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back." "Do you not know what God puts us on our backs for?" said Dr. Payson smilingly. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward."

A friend said to him, "I am not come to condole, but to rejoice with you, for it seems to me that this is no time for mourning." "Well I am glad to hear that," was the reply, "for it is not often that I am addressed in such a way. The fact is, I never had less need of condolence, and yet everybody persists in offering it; whereas, when I was prosperous and well, and a successful preacher, and really needed condolence, they flattered and congratulated me."

Toward the close of his life, Dr. Payson observed that

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience, if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them supremely happy in himself, independently of all circumstances. "They imagine," he writes, "that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings be removed, they should be miserable, whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one mercy after another; but as one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place. Now when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expect to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. If God had told me some time ago that he was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me that he should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing his purpose. And yet, how is his wisdom manifest, even in this life."

WILLIAM CROTCH.

In the year 1795, William Crotch, of Needham, in Suffolk, being on a religious visit to Friends, and at Margaret Rayner's house, Sunny Side, Rosendale, Lancashire, in conversation gave the following account of his conviction and the early part of his life. "I was brought up waiting-boy at a great inn in Norwich, the mistress thereof being my cousin, though I was not allowed to call her so; and about the eleventh year of my age, a brother of mine, ten years older than myself, coming to our house, mentioned his having lately been at a Quaker

meeting, and related several particulars by way of ridicule to make sport among the servants. After hearing him, I said, 'Well, I will certainly go to the Quaker meeting next Sunday,' it being my turn to have liberty that day. When the day came I set out, but knew not which way to go, and was ashamed to ask any one; however, I ventured at last, and was told there was a Quaker's funeral going just there, so I followed; but when I came to the meeting-house, I felt such an awe upon my mind, and was seized with such trembling, that I dared not enter; and when all were seated, I looked in, and the Friends seemed to my view as if sitting in paradise; but I could not have had courage to have entered at all, had not the doorkeeper come and taken me by the hand, and seated me beside him. When I returned, I told my brother I had been at Quaker meeting, and never had such feelings, nor was so comforted in my mind in any other place of worship in my life. 'Well,' said he lightly, 'it's likely enough the boy will be a Quaker.'

"From this time I continued to attend whenever I had liberty, till it came to the knowledge of my mistress; who was exceedingly disturbed at it, and made me promise to go to Peter's Church, or I should not go out at all; so I accordingly went just within the door, and then ran with all speed to the meeting, where I was abundantly favored, and confirmed in my resolution to persevere.

"After a while, however, my mistress bethought her to examine me what the text was, and of this I could give no account, and durst not tell a lie, so I was put to the test, and found out; and much pains were taken both by herself and men who frequented the house, whom she employed to induce me by any means to leave off going to the Quakers, but I never could be brought to that.

"My father and mother also came and reasoned with

me much; my father being a sober man, used what arguments he could to induce me, but when he saw it was in vain, he threatened to leave me nothing, though he had some hundreds to dispose of; however, he lived to change his mind, and he left me the largest share, made me executor to his will, and said, 'William, I wish they were all Quakers.'

"My mistress took a pleasure in seeing me smart, and I loved to be fine, but now it grew uneasy to me, and when I saw any women Friends in the street, or their children, I used to follow and admire them. I now wished much to live among Friends, so found out a shoemaker of that profession, and bespoke a pair of shoes, but I had not courage to speak upon the subject, till I went for them; when, being a sixpence short, he said, 'I think I dare trust thee for the sixpence, thou looks a good honest lad.' So I took courage, and asked him if he could help me to a place among Friends. He said he thought he remembered seeing me at their meetings, and asked me if I loved to go to meetings? I answered, 'Yes, I do;' so he promised to mention me to some Friends, and soon after, three of them came to the inn. I rejoiced to see them, and they were shown into a room. . . . They asked for my mistress, and upon talking a little with her concerning me, I heard her say, 'Indeed I have loved the boy as my own child, and been exceedingly grieved and distressed at his coming amongst you; but now the time is come, that he is more fit for you than us.' And I was soon after received, at the age of thirteen. I was sometime footman to John Gurney, and afterwards apprenticed myself to a shoemaker, where I found that all Quakers were not alike, for I had a hard place, but the time got over. I remember one First day, when Rachel Wilson was to be at our meeting, I invited

William Crane, a neighboring boy with whom I was intimate, and whom I knew to be a solid, thoughtful youth, to go with me ; he did so, and we sat together ; at which time he was so tendered and broken into tears, that I believe he was effectually reached ; and he abode with it, and is now an eminent minister and dear friend of mine in Norwich.

“ My cousin, with whom I lived, is still living, and rejoices to see me.

“ When people are faithful to what is manifested to them to be right, way is made for them through whatever difficulties they are tried with.”

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“ Is not gaining a great victory the most glorious thing in the world ? ” asked a lady, of the Duke of Wellington, at the time of the occupation of Paris by the allies. The Duke replied, “ It is the greatest of all calamities except a defeat.”

ANECDOTE OF A BISHOP OF LONDON.

It is related of a Bishop of London, that being in want of some article connected with house furniture, he sent to the house of a member of the Society of Friends, in the city, for patterns of the article he wanted. When the Bishop's message reached the shop, the proprietor was absent, but a young and consistent Friend in his employ, went to the palace with the desired patterns, and after having shown them to the Bishop, was desired

to leave them until next morning, when, after the approval of a pattern, a message should be forwarded to the house for a party to return and take the order.

When the young man reached the warehouse, he found his employer there, who queried of him where he had been, and on being informed, remarked very sharply that he supposed he should lose the order, from the young man's *stiffness*, and requested to be informed when the Bishop's messenger should arrive.

The following morning the Bishop sent down according to promise, and the Friend hastened to attend to the business. He was introduced to the Bishop, to whom he made a profound bow, and then accosted him in a manner quite inconsistent with his profession.

The Bishop, perceiving this, asked if he was the person who called upon him yesterday? To which the Friend replied, No; he had left the young man at home, as he preferred calling personally. The Bishop told him that he should prefer seeing the person who had previously called upon him, and added to the following effect: "Let me give you a few words of advice: never be ashamed of consistently carrying out your profession, for however much others may differ from you in religious opinion, they always admire the conduct of those who consistently carry out the views which they profess to hold."

WILLIAM BLAKEY.

William Blakey, a minister of the Gospel in the Society of Friends, resided at Middletown, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. During the war of the American Revolution, he, with many of his fellow-professors, suffered

from the foraging parties of the American army. At one time a party, headed by an officer, came to William's farm, and appeared disposed to strip him of all his substance which they could possibly take off. The officer ordered his men to seize upon the horses and wagons, and to load up the grain and other produce. Whilst the men were doing his bidding, he himself was abusing William, calling him a rebel, and threatening to take his life. His aim seemed to be to irritate William, so that he should do or say something which might furnish a pretext for personal violence towards him.

But William remained silent, and was perfectly calm and collected; his thoughts were turned inward towards his Divine Master, for strength and support, and he displayed no hard feelings towards those who were thus robbing him of his substance. The officer soon became silent; he was evidently agitated and distressed. The quiet humility of his victim was a more powerful appeal to him than the most eloquent intercession would have proved.

After a time he turned to William, and with a faltering voice, asked him if he ever prayed. William replied, he hoped he had at times been favored to have access to the Throne of Grace, and that at this time of trial, he had been endeavoring to feel after the spirit of supplication. The officer then asked if he ever prayed for any one but himself, and on William answering in the affirmative, added, "I wish then you would pray for me, for I would not endure the wretchedness I now feel for all you are worth." The soldiers had by this time secured the grain and loaded it into the wagons; but the officer was so completely overcome by the meek, Christian spirit of him they had been spoiling of his goods, that he ordered all to be restored.

A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

Words used by Friends in the marriage ceremony, (and also in the certificates) varied much previous to the establishment of a form by Discipline (probably in 1721). A certificate recorded in Yorkshire, is as follows :

“George Musgrave loved Ann Brock, and she became his wife, publicly in the congregation, upon the twentieth day of the Tenth month, in the year 1663.”

[Signed by seventeen witnesses.]

EXTRACT FROM MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM
BRAMWELL.

(Taken from the “Imperial Magazine” for Twelfth month, 1819.)

The substance of a remarkable dream, related by the late R. Bawpers, of Danvers, who committed it to writing from the lips of the person who had the dream, on the evening of Fifth month 30th, 1813.

“A gospel minister of Evangelical principles, whose name, from the circumstances that occurred, it will be necessary to conceal, being much fatigued at the conclusion of the afternoon service, retired to his apartment, in order to take a little rest. He had not long reclined upon his couch, before he fell asleep, and began to dream.

“He dreamed, that on walking into his garden he entered a bower that had been erected in it, where he sat down to read and meditate. While thus employed, he thought he heard some person enter the garden, and leaving his labors, he immediately hastened towards the spot whence the sound seemed to come, in order to dis-

cover who it was that had entered. He had not proceeded far before he discovered a particular friend of his, a gospel minister of considerable talents, who had rendered himself very popular by his zealous and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christ. On approaching his friend he was surprised to find that his countenance was covered with gloom, which it had not been accustomed to wear, and that it strongly indicated a violent agitation of mind, apparently arising from conscious remorse. After the usual salutation had passed, his friend asked the relator the time of day, to which he replied, 'Twenty-five minutes after four o'clock.' On hearing this, his friend said, 'It is only one hour since I died, and now I am damned!' 'Damned! for what?' inquired the dreaming minister. 'It is not,' said he, 'because I have not preached the gospel, neither is it because I have not been rendered useful, for I have now many seals to my ministry, who can bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, which they have received from my lips; but it is because I have been accumulating to myself the applause of men, more than the honor which cometh from above; and wisely I have my reward.' Having uttered these expressions, he hastily disappeared, and was seen no more.

"The minister awakened shortly afterwards, with this dream deeply impressed upon his mind, and proceeded, overwhelmed with serious reflection, toward his chapel, in order to conduct the evening service. On his way thither, he was asked if he had heard of the great loss the Church had sustained by the death of that able minister. He replied 'No.' But being much affected with this singular intelligence, he inquired on what day his death took place. To this his friend replied, 'This afternoon, at twenty-five minutes after three o'clock.'" . .

EXTRACT FROM "MEMOIRS OF THOMAS
SCATTERGOOD."

At our last Quarterly Meeting, our beloved friend Thomas Scattergood, in the course of his public testimony, in moving language, warned the youth present to beware of wanton behavior, dancing, frolicking, &c., stating that he had known several instances of divine displeasure being manifested to individuals, who had attended such meetings as these, and directly afterwards had gone to horse-races, or other sinful pastime. One instance he mentioned, of a young man who, on his way home from a favored meeting, falling in company with persons who were collected for a horse-race, they urged him to ride one of the horses; he at first refused, but being pressed by some of them, at length yielded; and in the race was thrown from the horse, which occasioned his death. He said it appeared to be his business to warn the youth present to beware of such conduct, lest some of them might be made like examples. "I do not say," said he, "it will be the case, but I find it my place to proclaim a solemn warning." On third-day our meeting ended.

Twenty-seven persons, chiefly young people, embarked on board a boat, bound for Sandy Hook; but before they set off, it was observed that several of them were discouraged, and ready to give it up; and on their way it was remarked, how dreadful it would be, if any unfavorable accident should happen after having been at meeting, and hearing the advice then given. On fourth-day they went to view a monument erected over a person of distinction, who, with twelve others, perished there not long before. On fifth-day they walked to the light-house, and

on their return, went on a narrow reef of sand, which is bare at low water, as also the way to it; on this they spent some time in walking, &c. At length, observing the tide to run fast, they were alarmed, and concluded to return. But, alas! the sea had hidden their path, and covered all their waymarks! However, they made the attempt, and as they were pressing on, eleven of them suddenly stepped into the deep, were overwhelmed, as in a moment, and seven of them perished. The others, with the assistance of some of the company who could swim, got to the shore, though almost spent. Four of the bodies were found, and brought up here (Rahway) on sixth-day.

The next day was appointed for their interment, and notice being given, a large concourse of people attended, after which a meeting was held, wherein our beloved friend Thomas Scattergood was enabled to preach the gospel; pertinently to exhort all present to profit by the present calamity, and feelingly to impart a portion of consolation to those who drank largely of sorrow's streams.

He had not felt easy to return home after our Quarterly Meeting ended; but waiting in great exercise of mind, was not able to discover the cause of his being thus detained. On sixth-day morning, he retired into a private room, and sitting awhile under the like pressure of exercise, a messenger stepped in with the foregoing sorrowful tidings. Then he could account for the trying dispensation he had passed through, which he related in his discourse to the crowded audience, observing that it might be said of him, as of Nehemiah, "Why art thou sad, seeing thou art not sick?" "I was not sick," said he, "but felt such oppression of exercise, that I thought of taking my bed."

[The "four bodies" mentioned above, were those of young women. Thomas Scattergood says, "We walked down to the landing, and there saw them lying on straw, on the deck, side by side, and a very serious sight it was.

"22d. Went to the burial, which was a solemn scene; such a grave I never saw before—wide enough to lay the bodies of these poor young women side by side, who, but a few days before, were mostly in full health and strength, and most or all of them at meeting. Solemn it was to see the coffins, one by one, brought into the graveyard."]
This was in the Eighth month, 1789.

"TOTAL ABSTINENCE."

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink; promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink." Said he—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise; I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form, by the garden gate on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me, and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for, said he, "Yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once,' said he, 'drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the

captain kicked me aside ; you took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of ; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me.' "

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL,

At a Quarterly Meeting in the North of England, related the following :

He had called to visit an Elder of the Society, on his death-bed, and found him in great agony and anguish of spirit. He was a man who bore a good character among men, and in the days of his youth had been zealous in the discharge of the duties devolving on those who are rightly called to the station he held in the Church. As he grew older the ardor of his devotedness declined, yet as he retained the form of Godliness, his estimation, in the judgment of his fellow-creatures, was not materially diminished. But now, on his death-bed, the good opinion of others could not satisfy his soul. He told Samuel, that in the days of his youth, he had a vision, in which was represented a well-inclosed field of green pasture, well watered, and abounding in flocks of sheep. They were in an excellent condition, and remarkable for the whiteness of their fleecy coverings. This fold he was to watch over, he was to care for the flock, see after the hedge, and keep the fountain-head of the water clean. And now, in his old age, he had the vision renewed. He again beheld the fold committed to his care ; but oh ! the awful change ! The hedge was broken down, the pasture

was burnt up, the sheep and lambs which remained in the inclosure, were poor, weak, and sickly, and a venomous serpent lay in the fountain-head, and poisoned the whole waters. While he considered the change, he heard a voice saying, "All this will I require at thy hands." After narrating this, he told Samuel, that in looking to the future, he could see nothing but gloom and darkness.

The following circumstance was related by Samuel Fothergill, on his return to England, after his visit to America :

A Friend, at whose house he lodged when passing through the wilderness, was a widow, and lived with her son, who cultivated a small piece of land, which furnished them a frugal subsistence. Their nearest neighbor, who lived a few miles distant through the forest, came early one afternoon to request she would visit his wife, who was taken very ill ; and stay with her while he went for medical advice. With this she complied, and putting up in a basket a few needful things for the sick woman, she told her son she did not expect to return before the next morning, and set out and reached the place in safety. With suitable remedies, the invalid soon recovered, and her husband returning, the widow concluded to go home that evening, hoping, as it was a fine moonlight night, that she might pass the forest without danger. But on crossing an open glade, she saw a flock of wolves drinking at a pool of water at some distance, which made her sensible of her great rashness, thinking that unless she could pass unobserved, her destruction was inevitable, as no human help was at hand, for though her home was in sight, she believed her son was in bed, and the cottage fast. In this strait, she lifted up her heart to God in earnest prayer, that he who had often strengthened and consoled her in many troubles, would now be pleased to

interpose for her help, and not permit her to be devoured by these savage creatures. Her mind became composed, and she ran quickly forward; on crossing a fence, she looked back and perceived that one of the wolves had discovered her; he uttered a shrill cry, and immediately the whole pack was in pursuit.

Meanwhile, her son had retired to rest, but could not sleep; a strange and unusual anxiety came over his mind, which continually increased; he arose and made a large fire of wood, which blazed brightly, and he sat down by it. In a short time he thought he heard his mother's voice calling to him, and opening the door, he perceived her, followed by several wolves; one was so near as almost to touch her shoulder with his paw. The sudden light dazzled and checked them, and for a moment they fell back, which gave her time to rush into the house and close the door, when she, with her son, both greatly affected by this deliverance, united in returning thanks for the merciful interposition which had so remarkably preserved her life.

DROWSINESS.

(Extracted from the "Life of Thomas Story.")

The week-day Meeting at Painswick, being on the 18th, I went thither. It was small and heavy in the beginning, but ended fresh and lively. The hindrance was drowsiness, a great evil, hindering the living worship of the living God, and in which hidden temptation, Satan has greatly prevailed in some places, to the dishonor of God and hurt of many souls. For if Satan can transform himself into an angel of light, and in that way deceive the simple, and such as know not the true light, how

much more may he transform himself into the image of death and darkness, in a dead and drowsy soul; through which as a veil he puts on in a meeting, he also loads and grieves the upright and living; and where this prevails there can be no worship of God, but rather a yielding and bowing to the enemy, whereby all worship of God is much more effectually suppressed, than by all the powers of the earth in times of their open opposition and persecution.

JOHN BUNYAN.

It being well known to some of his persecutors in London, that Bunyan was often out of prison, they sent an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject, and in order to find him out, he was to get there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless he could not sleep; he acquainted his wife, that though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the morning, he felt so uneasy, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming in at so unseasonable an hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailer, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailer, addressing Bunyan, said, "Well you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

MATTHEW WARREN.

Matthew Warren, a pious man, was, during the reign of Charles II and James II, an object of great hatred to the ruling powers, because of his religious principles. His person was often sought for by wicked men, with the intent, if possible, to bring him to an ignominious death. At one time he was very remarkably and providentially preserved. His wife had a strong impression on her mind, that unless he left the house in which he at that time found shelter, before a particular hour, he would be taken prisoner. Under this impression, she sent a messenger to him with a letter, stating her desire that he would be at his own house at the hour specified, or else he might never see her more. Supposing her ill, he immediately took leave of his friend, and set out homewards. From the summit of the first ascent, he looked back towards the house he had left, and found it surrounded by the persons who were seeking his life.

A DREAM.

(From the Journal of Thomas Chalkley.)

After visiting Friends in America, “in the love of the gospel,” Thomas Chalkley sailed, in the winter of 1698–9, on his return to England. Elizabeth Webb and Elizabeth Lloyd went in the same vessel. After they had been several weeks at sea, Thomas Chalkley wrote in his journal, as follows, viz. :

“We had several good meetings, wherein we gave glory to God, our Saviour; and forever let it ascend to Him over all, saith my soul! Contrary winds are com-

monly tedious at sea, but especially to those that know not where to stay their minds ; but there being several Friends of us on board, we had oftentimes good meetings ; and if any of our ship's company came to meeting, they always were sober, and sometimes tender ; and truly God's love was extended towards them. When it was not our meeting days, we spent not our time idly, but for the most part in reading the Holy Scriptures, writing, &c., in which we were at seasons greatly refreshed, strengthened, and comforted. Oh ! my soul ! glorify God thy Maker, and Christ thy Saviour forever, in the sense of his goodness and mercy, both by sea and land, by night and by day ! After we had been almost seven weeks at sea, we thought that we were near the land ; but we sounded several days, and found no bottom, although we let out abundance of line, I think above three hundred yards.

About this time our doctor dreamed a dream, which he related to me, to this effect. He said, "he dreamed that he went on shore at a great and spacious town, the buildings whereof were high and the streets broad ; and as he went up the street he saw a large sign, on which was written in great golden letters, SHAME. At the door of the house to which the sign belonged, stood a woman with a can in her hand, who said to him, ' Doctor, will you drink ? ' He replied, ' With all my heart, for I have not drank anything but water a great while ' (our wine and cider being all spent, having had a long passage), and he drank a hearty draught, which he said made him merry. He went up the street, reeling to and fro, when a grim fellow coming behind him, clapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he arrested him in the name of the governor of the place. He asked him for what ; and said, ' What have I done ? ' He answered, ' For stealing the

woman's can.' The can he had indeed, and so he was had before the governor, which was a mighty black dog, the biggest and grimmest that ever he saw in his life; and witness was brought in against him by an old companion of his, and he was found guilty, and his sentence was to go to prison, and there lie forever." He told me this dream so punctually, and with such an emphasis, that it affected me with serious sadness, and caused my heart to move within me; for to me the dream seemed true, and the interpretation sure. I then told him he was an ingenious man, and might clearly see the interpretation of that dream, which exactly answered to his state and condition; which I thus interpreted to him: "This great and spacious place, where the buildings were high, and the streets broad, is thy great and high profession. The sign, on which was written *shame*, which thou sawest, and the woman at the door, with the can in her hand, truly represent that great, crying, and shameful sin of drunkenness, which thou knowest to be thy great weakness, which the woman with the can did truly represent to thee. The grim fellow who arrested thee in the devil's territories, is death, who will assuredly arrest all mortals; the governor whom thou sawest, representing a great black dog, is certainly the devil, who, after his servants have served him to the full, will torment them eternally in hell." So he got up, as it were in haste, and said, "God forbid! it is nothing but a dream." But I told him it was a very significant one, and a warning to him from the Almighty, who sometimes speaks to men by dreams.

In seven weeks after we left sight of the land of America, we saw the Scilly Islands, and next day the land of England, which was a comfortable sight to us; in that God Almighty had preserved us hitherto, and that we were so far on our way. We drove about the Channel's

mouth for several days for want of wind ; after which the wind came up, and we got as far up the Channel as Lime Bay, and then an easterly wind blew fresh for several days, and we turned to windward, but rather lost than got on our way, which was tiresome and tedious to us.

About this time, being some days after the Doctor's dream, a grievous accident happened to us. Meeting with a Dutch vessel in Lime Bay, a little above the Start, we hailed her, and she us. They said they came from Lisbon and were bound for Holland. She was loaded with wine, brandy, fruit, and such-like commodities, and we having but little water to drink, by reason our passage was longer than we expected, we sent our boat on board, in order to buy a little wine to drink with our water. Our Doctor, and a merchant who was a passenger, and one sailor, went on board, where they staid until some of them were overcome with wine, although they were desired to beware thereof. When they came back, a rope was handed to them, but they being filled with wine to excess, were not capable of using it dexterously, insomuch that they overset the boat, and she turned bottom upwards, having the Doctor under her. The merchant caught hold of a rope called the main sheet, whereby his life was saved. The sailor not getting so much drink as the other two, got nimbly on the bottom of the boat, and floated on the water till our other boat was hoisted out, which was done with great speed, and we took him in ; but the Doctor was drowned before the boat came. The seaman who sat on the boat saw him sink but could not help him. This was the greatest exercise that we met with in all our voyage, and the more so, because the Doctor was of an evil life and

conversation, much given to excess in drinking. When he got on board the aforesaid ship, the master sent for a can of wine, and said, "Doctor, will you drink?" He replied "Yes, with all my heart, for I have drank no wine for a great while;" upon which he drank a hearty draught, that made him merry, as he said in his dream; and notwithstanding the admonition which was so clearly manifested to him but three days before, and the many promises he had made to Almighty God, some of which I was a witness of when strong convictions were upon him, yet now he was unhappily overcome, and in drink when he was drowned. This is, I think, a lively representation of the tender mercy and just judgment of the Almighty to poor mortals, and I thought it worthy to be recorded for posterity, as a warning to all great lovers of wine and strong liquors. This exercise was so great to me that I could not for several days get over it, and one day while I was musing in my mind on these things relating to the Doctor, it was opened to me that God and his servants were clear, and his blood was on his own head, for he had been faithfully warned of his evil ways.

We were obliged by contrary winds to put into Plymouth Harbor, and from Plymouth I went by coach to London, where I was gladly received by my relations and friends. I got to the Yearly Meeting of Friends in London, in the year 1699, which was large, and was at divers public meetings for the worship of Almighty God. I may truly say the Holy Ghost was amongst us, blessed be God, our Saviour, for evermore.

Note.—Thomas Chalkley was at this time in the 24th year of his age.

SILENT REBUKE.

About the year 1781, when Friends in Virginia were endeavoring to withdraw their members from the practice of holding slaves, C. Moreman was living not far from Cedar Creek. He owned a farm and held a number of slaves. It appears he was circumstanced as were many other slaveholders, just able to live, without increasing his estate. The Yearly Meeting of Virginia at that time appointed a committee to visit all the members within the limits of that meeting who were in the possession of slaves. C. Moreman was very indignant at what he considered an impertinent interference with private property, and as he could only make a living *with* his slaves to assist him, it seemed probable he could not support himself *without* them. During five or six weeks which elapsed after the appointment, his mind was agitated by a host of angry passions. Sometimes he thought, if Friends should come to his house, he would turn them out of doors, or if they came when he was out, he would stay out, and not afford them an opportunity of speaking with him.

At length he was informed the committee were at his house, and notwithstanding his previous resolutions, he did not feel quite stubborn enough to carry them out. On meeting the Friends, they accosted him in a very friendly manner, and informed him that as they were visiting their friends, they had taken the liberty of calling upon him, and if he would be so kind as to give them and their horses something to eat, it would be gratefully accepted. This amicable commencement of an unwelcome visit had considerable effect towards softening C. Moreman's feelings, and his Virginia hospitality

could not refuse their request. Therefore the horses were fed, and a dinner prepared for themselves. After the repast was over, the committee and their irritable host sat down together in silence, the latter being ready to fire the moment the battle should begin.

After silence had continued for a time, one of the committee whispered to another, till the whisper had gone round, when one of them observed that they had been kindly entertained, and if they had their horses they would ride. Their horses being brought, the Friends took an affectionate leave of their host, and, without saying a word about his slaves, left him to his own reflections. This mode of treating the case was probably a more severe rebuke than could have been administered by words. C. Moreman began to reflect upon the villainess of his own mind, which had been for several weeks working like a troubled sea, and throwing up mire and dirt to cast upon a number of inoffensive Friends, who evidently had nothing in their hearts but love towards him, and who had said nothing to disturb the possession of his slaves.

These reflections were well calculated to suggest the suspicion, that slave-holding was not quite so just a practice as he had imagined, and that very possibly those who were striving, in the spirit of love, to withdraw their friends from it, might be much nearer the Kingdom than those who were inclined to enlist their vilest passions in its defence. While his mind was under the uneasy feelings which these circumstances excited, he dreamed one night that he was on the side of a dreadful precipice, and laboring to attain the summit, but when he reached the top, he found a little black boy, one of his slaves, was there and pushed him down again. He then scrambled along to another point of the summit, but still the little

slave, running along the ridge, was there before him and pushed him back. When he awoke, he found himself wet with sweat, as if he had been at work in a harvest field. This dream, in conjunction with his previous reflections, so wrought upon him, that he concluded to emancipate all the slaves he had, and carried this conclusion into effect.

Being a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity, he made a kind of tub mill, for which the situation of the country created a demand, perhaps to grind Indian corn into hominy. As land was cheap and mechanical skill dear, he soon saved money enough to purchase another farm; and when the country was sufficiently furnished with tub mills, he took up another mechanical employment, and was soon able to purchase a third farm. He then felt himself an independent man; having three farms and but two children; and gave it as his opinion that if he had retained his slaves, he would never have possessed more than one farm.

He had also the consolation of believing he was no longer in danger of being tumbled down the precipice, and having his neck broken, by the hands of a little slave.

CLARKE STEVENS.

Clarke Stevens was an approved minister in the Society of Friends, residing at Montpelier, within the limits of Ferrisburg Quarterly Meeting, Vermont. Once, when from home in Truth's service, he felt a concern to appoint a meeting at a place where the inhabitants were very rough and uncivil. The Friends with whom he conferred on the subject hesitated, it appearing so unlikely that truth would find a place with such a people, and

having fears as to the result of appointing a meeting. Not meeting with encouragement, he retired for the night, but next morning told his friends he felt best to relate to them a little incident which occurred in New England, in an early day, when slaves were held there.

The son of a slave-holder had been educated for a preacher, and when his literary qualifications were completed, received invitations from two congregations to settle with them. One was wealthy and could offer large inducements of a pecuniary nature; the other, being poor, could not make such flattering propositions.

The young man was somewhat perplexed, and applied to his father for advice. After some consultation he turned to an old slave who sat in a corner, and said, "Well, Cuffee, what do you think about it?" "Oh, master," said the slave, "never mind so much about the money, go where there is most devil."

The Friends saw the point, felt the rebuke, and were willing he should pursue his prospect; which he did to satisfaction, having a favored meeting.

DEBORAH MORRIS'S WILL.

Deborah Morris, a Friend, who died about the year 1800, preserved a family anecdote, by reciting it in her will, viz.:

"*Item.*—I give to my nephew, Thomas Morris, the large old-fashioned silver salver, which belonged to my dear aunt, Elizabeth Hard, who with her husband came over (to Pennsylvania) with William Penn and other Friends. All that arrived in those early days wanted lodgings in the then wilderness, and hastened to provide themselves with temporary accommodations. Few of the first settlers

were of the laboring class, and help of that sort was scarcely to be had at any price, so that many of the women set to work they had never known before.

“My good great-aunt (Hard) was accustomed to help her husband at building, and took one end of the crosscut saw with him; she also fetched water for the mortar, wherewith to build the chimney for their cave. At one time her husband, perceiving her to be overwearied, said to her, ‘My dear, thou hadst better give over and see about dinner.’ On which, poor woman, she walked away, weeping as she went, for she knew their provisions were all spent, of which she had not told her husband, except a small quantity of biscuit and a little cheese; but she thought she would try if any of her neighbors had anything to spare.

“While reflecting on herself as she went along, for coming to America, to be exposed to such hardships, she felt reproved in her mind for distrusting a kind Providence who had hitherto provided for them. In this humble state she reached her cave, and on her knees begged forgiveness for having murmured against the will of her Heavenly Father.

“When she arose to go and call on her friends to ask their charity, the cat came home from a foraging expedition, bringing a fine rabbit in its mouth, which she thankfully took, and proceeded to dress it as an English hare. When her husband was informed of the fact, they both wept with reverential joy, and thankfully partook of the food so seasonably provided for them.”

Deborah Morris also bequeathed to her uncle, John Morris, another family relic,—a silver tureen, upon which was engraved the device of the cat bringing home a rabbit in its mouth.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

Anthony Benezet died Fifth month 3d, 1784, aged 71 years. His funeral was attended by persons of all classes and sects. Among them were hundreds of blacks, who truly mourned the loss of their beloved benefactor and friend. An officer in the American army, who followed the body to its final resting-place, remarked to a friend, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than General Washington with all his fame."

HUME, THE INFIDEL.

Hume, the celebrated infidel philosopher, and author of a History of England, was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner the ladies withdrew, and, in the course of conversation, Hume made some assertions which caused a gentleman present to observe to him, "If you can advance such sentiments as those, you certainly are, what the world gives you credit for being, an infidel." A little girl whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favorite, by bringing her little presents of toys and sweetmeats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed; she, however, listened to the conversation, and on hearing the above expression, left the room, went to her mother, and asked her, "Mamma, what is an infidel?" "An infidel! my dear," replied her mother; "why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you." "Oh, do tell me mamma," returned the child, "I must know what an infidel is." Struck with her earnestness, her mother replied,

"An infidel is one who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." Some days afterwards, Hume again visited the house of his friend; on entering the parlor he found no one there but his favorite little girl; he went to her, and attempted to take her up in his arms to kiss her, as he had been used to do, but the child shrank with horror from his touch. "My dear," said he, "what is the matter? do I hurt you?" "No," she replied, "you do not hurt me, but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you." "Why not, my dear?" "Because you are an infidel." "An infidel! what is that?" "One who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." "And are you not sorry for me, my dear?" asked the astonished philosopher. "Yes, indeed, I am sorry," returned the child, with solemnity, "and I pray to God for you." "Do you, indeed? and what do you say?" "I say, O God, teach this man that thou art!"

What a striking illustration of the words of sacred writ, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger." (Ps. 8: 2.)

The infidel confessed himself so much struck with the seriousness and simplicity of the child, that it caused him some sleepless nights and days of sharp mental conflict. However, it is to be lamented that he stifled his conviction, and went on to the very borders of eternity, vainly flattering himself that he should prove "like the beasts that perish."

"From the statements of Adam Smith, it would appear as though David Hume had approached the confines of life with the same thoughtless levity, respecting his eternal interests, as he had manifested through his life. Silliman, however, upon visiting the neighborhood in which his last days were spent, a few years afterwards, received a

statement, derived from his nurse, which shows that the philosophy as well as the levity of Hume deserted him when the final moment came; and that, however lightly he seemed to look upon death when it was at a little distance, he died at last in horror."

THOMAS WARING.

Thomas Waring, of West Nottingham, Maryland, was the son of Joseph and Mary Waring, of the county of Wexford, Ireland. He removed to this country with his parents and family in the year 1775, being then in the 21st year of his age.

He spent seven winters with his parents at East Nottingham, in the line of his trade, which was that of a dish turner; and the summers were passed in farming on shares for Joseph Chambers, on White Clay Creek, within the limits of a meeting then held at Stanton, a component part of Wilmington Monthly Meeting. In these seven years he had fourteen certificates of removal; on changing his residence spring and fall, if he did not request for himself, Friends would send one after him. Such was their care in those days. During the time he farmed for Joseph Chambers, it is said they disagreed but once, and that was in dividing the last crop, when each thought the other did not take enough.

He subsequently settled in West Nottingham, where he passed the remainder of his life; he and his unmarried sisters, Hannah and Mary, were severally taken from mutability in the 88th year of their age. An elder sister, Elizabeth Martin, and his wife Rebekah, daughter of Stephen and Martha Wilson, of Bucks County, Pa.,

were taken in their 91st year. The latter survived him nearly twelve years.

When a young man, he had occasion to attend court at Elkton, and not being easy to comply with the custom of taking off the hat in honor to man, he several times had his taken off in court. One day, as he was standing in diffidence by the door, in the court-room, the crier came to him, and placing his hand on his shoulder, queried, "Are you a real Quaker?" T. W.—"I profess to be one." Crier.—"If you are a real Quaker you may keep your hat on." T. W.—"By what authority dost thou give me that information?" Crier.—"The court has taken it into consideration, and concluded that real Quakers may keep their hats on." Then turning to a member standing by, who did not always keep to the plain language, he added, "*But you shall take your hat off.*"

Among the occurrences in his early life are the following: He was once at work with a man he had hired, who gave him abusive language. He desired him to desist, but the abuse continuing, he presently found himself with the man prostrate on his back, and he on him, holding him down. He afterwards remarked that he was much alarmed by finding himself in that position, and thought the man was as much so. It was a lesson of warning and instruction to him, showing the importance of being at all times guarded and on the watch; and by attention thereto, with best help afforded, he was enabled to overcome his naturally strong and irritable disposition, so that in more advanced life, an acquaintance remarked, he thought "Thomas hadn't quite temper enough."

At one time, a woman Friend in the station of Elder, (a member of the same Monthly Meeting as himself,) was given to drowsiness in meetings. He was led to be-

lieve it required of him to speak to her on the subject, but made many excuses ; still, being unable to feel clear of the concern, he one day concluded, as he rode to meeting on horseback, if it was a right concern he would meet with her by the way. As he passed into the road near her residence, she came out on horseback, and they rode some distance together, but still failing to comply with the impression of duty, he was for some time afterwards visited with the same weakness, and looked upon it as a judgment for his disobedience.

. When Thomas Waring came to this country in 1775, grass and grain were cut with scythes and sickles, requiring many hands to perform the labor, and it was generally thought that rum was indispensable, to enable the laborers to perform the work. A stranger in the country, he fell in with the custom for a year or two, but finding the effect not good, the third year he entirely declined it, which in harvest often exposed him to the ridicule of those he was working with ; and because he would not drink, they frequently used extra efforts to make him give out, but never succeeded in a single instance ; while some of those who took rum almost invariably gave out in making such efforts ; a circumstance he referred to in after-life, as an argument against the use of strong drink, saying he felt better when he arose in the morning, and through the day, and his thirst was less than when he had participated in its use. From that time forward he was not in the habit of using it himself, except as medicine, or of allowing any in his employ to use it.

A Friend by the name of W—— purchased a farm in the neighborhood, and Thomas going his security for the purchase-money, had it to pay ; afterwards, by mutual agreement, he took the farm to save himself. W—— then moved to Ohio, and died there, leaving a widow

with a large family of children. M. T., a member of another religious persuasion, having sold a farm and received \$500 of the purchase-money, came to Thomas and bought this farm of him, paying him \$50 in hand, with stipulations for the balance. Some days after this, M. T. came to throw up his purchase, saying he could not comply, as his farm was thrown up; but one thing was certain, he would keep the \$500 he had received on it, yet he wanted Thomas to pay him back the \$50. He did so with interest. Afterwards selling the farm for more than it cost him, he sent part of the money to the widow of W——, and had the satisfaction of hearing she had it at interest in a way to be relieving in the support of her numerous family.

From "THE FRIEND."

"Departed this life (First month 26th, 1842) Thomas Waring, an esteemed elder and member of Nottingham and Little Britain Monthly Meeting, in the 88th year of his age. It is with no ordinary feelings we thus announce to his distant friends and acquaintances, a termination of the labors and usefulness of this, our beloved Friend, whose dedication and devotedness through a long life, have set forth so striking and encouraging an example to his survivors, speaking to them in the expressive language of conduct, 'Follow me, as I have endeavored to follow Christ.' Throughout a painful and lingering disease, of a cancerous affection, his patience and resignation bore a striking exemplification of the Christian character. The morning before his departure, though apparently not so near his end, he told his family he believed he should not live to see another day. He appeared desirous of having them collected around him, as if to witness the closing scene. He was perfectly calm and composed.

His last moments of consciousness were dedicated in supplication for himself, and for those he left behind. Thus has he been gathered, we humbly believe, as a 'shock of corn fully ripe,' into the garner of eternal rest, there to enjoy in endless fruition the reward laid up for the righteous. His genuine piety, and unobtrusive life and conversation, had endeared him to his neighbors, and all who knew him. His memory is sweetly embalmed in their affections, as was abundantly evinced in the spontaneous effusion of feeling, by a very large concourse, assembled to pay the last solemn tribute to his memory. 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' "

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, ETC.

Some of the early Methodists were much persecuted for their faithfulness in apprehended duty. At Nottingham, England, George Whitefield's meetings were attended by "great multitudes," who thronged every avenue to the place. In some places, he said, "Satan rallied, giving notice of me by calling the people to a bear baiting; a drum is beat, and men are called to the market-place; but the arrows of the Lord can disperse them."

At Rotherham several young men met at a tavern, and undertook, on a wager, to see who could best mimic him; each in turn mounted the table, and opening a Bible, entertained his companions at the expense of everything sacred. A youth by the name of Thorpe was to close the scene; and he exclaimed, on taking his stand, "I shall beat you all." Opening the Bible, his eye fell on the solemn sentence, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." It pierced the young man's soul. The

Truth mastered him. He spoke, but it was like a dying man to dying men. A profound seriousness spread over the company, and those who came to scoff, went away to weep. He afterwards became a preacher, as did also his son, William Thorpe. (About 1750.)

It was probably at an earlier period, that one of the most violent opposers of GRIMSHAW and INGHAM, was the vicar of Colne, a town on the borders of Yorkshire. On hearing of the arrival of any such preachers in his neighborhood, he used to call the people together by the beating of a drum in the market-place, and enlisting a mob for the *defence of the church*. One of his proclamations to this end is curious, viz.:

“Notice is hereby given, that if any man be mindful to enlist in his Majesty’s service under the command of Rev. George White, commander-in-chief, and John Banister, lieutenant-general of his Majesty’s forces for the defence of the Church of England, and the support of the manufactory in and about Colne, both of which are now in danger, let him repair to the drumhead at the cross, where each man shall receive a pint of ale in advance, and all other proper encouragement.”

The reckless fury of a force thus enlisted may be imagined. The preachers and hearers were often pelted with stones and dirt, trampled into the mud, and beaten without mercy; the constables rivalling the vicar in his violence and hatred against them.

AN INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

Some years ago, an individual well known and highly respected in the religious world, narrated in my hearing the following incident: “In early life, while, with a col-

lege companion, he was making a tour on the Continent, at Paris his friend was seized with an alarming illness. A physician of great celebrity was speedily summoned, who stated that the case was a critical one, and that much would depend upon a minute attention to his directions. As there was no one at hand upon whom they could place much reliance, he was requested to recommend some confidential and experienced nurse. He mentioned one, but added, 'You may think yourselves happy indeed should you be able to secure her services; but she is so much in request among the higher circles here, that there is little chance of finding her disengaged.' The narrator at once ordered his carriage, went to her residence, and much to his satisfaction found her at home. He briefly stated his errand, and requested her immediate attendance. 'But before I consent to accompany you, permit me, sir,' said she, 'to ask you a single question: is your friend a Christian?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'indeed he is a Christian in the best and highest sense of the term, a man who lives in the fear of God. But I should like to know your reason for such an inquiry.' 'Sir,' she answered, 'I was the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die.'—*Ford's Damascus*.

A MURDER PREVENTED.

A respectable tradesman, named Rich, in the North of England, had in his employ three young men, Matthew, James, and Samuel. Matthew was a pious man, and in all respects a good servant. But James and Samuel were artful and wicked men, who ate at the table and lived in the house of the man they meant to injure.

At length James and Samuel entered into business on their own account, in a neighboring town; but still dealt with the wholesale house of their former employer. Matthew continued in his situation for years, and when the duties of traveller were to be performed, *they fell upon him*. Time passed on, James and Samuel were settled, and in relation to their former employer appeared most amicable, when a remarkable incident occurred.

“It was midwinter; the day had been wet and the night was dreary, when Matthew, after a long ride on horseback, was returning home, having collected a considerable sum of money; and taking the shortest road, he had to ford a small brook. But when he reached the midst of the stream, his horse suddenly stopped, and restively refused to proceed, nor could he by any means induce him to go forward. Nothing remained but to take another road, which delayed and somewhat annoyed him, but he arrived safely at home. The next day was the first of the week, and Matthew generally attended public worship thrice on that day, but he was so much fatigued, he proposed staying at home in the afternoon, while the family went out. His proposal was accepted, and he was left alone in the house, but instead of taking repose, as he at first inclined to, he resolved to spend a little time in private devotion. He therefore read his Bible, and knelt in prayer and found it good for him to draw nigh unto God. It was a favored season, but how long he continued in prayer he knew not. Rising from his knees, he said, ‘This is none other than the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven.’

“As soon as Rich came in, he perceived that some one had been to the bureau in which the money had been deposited, and on examining found the entire sum had dis-

appeared. Matthew asserted he had not taken it, nor was he suspected, but the money was gone, and some one must have taken it. While conversing on the subject, a noise was heard, and hastening to discover the cause, they saw a man escaping from the neighboring premises, and had no doubt that he was the thief, but he eluded their pursuit. The money was in local bank notes, the numbers known, and payment was stopped at the bank. Months passed away, when Rich received a message from the bank, requesting his presence immediately. He went, and learned that James and Samuel, having presented the missing notes, were detained. He required them to state how they became possessed of the money,—to clear themselves of suspicion, or confess their guilt,—assuring them that in the latter case, there would be no prosecution. Their deposition was as follows :

“On the day preceding the robbery, when Matthew called on them, they thought he had a large sum of money with him, and resolved to waylay and rob him. They therefore provided arms, and were awaiting him when the horse refused to ford the brook ; but when thus far defeated, they managed to get that night into the house, where they remained in concealment until the afternoon, when they supposed all the family had left the house. They then entered the room in which they knew the money was usually kept, but it was not, as they had hoped, unoccupied.

“Matthew was there, and on his knees. What was to be done. No time must be lost. The money they were determined to have ; so one placed himself, pistol in hand, by the man at prayer, while the other proceeded to rifle the bureau. That was a critical moment, for had Matthew in any way indicated that he was aware of their presence, or attempted to rise from his knees, he would

have been shot. But he perceived them not, so they escaped with the booty, and his life was saved.'"

It was impossible to listen to their recital without a shudder, and while their former employer felt deeply such a marked interposition of Providence, he looked on those who had been guilty of such an enormity with mingled horror and pity. He remembered it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and was content to leave them to Him. But though capable of such wickedness in secret, they would not attempt to live where their guilt was known. A little time sufficed to settle their affairs, and then they left the country never to return.

MARTHA ROUTH.

(Extracted from her Journal.)

1795. 17th of Fourth month, First day, we were at Cool Spring; on second day, at Three Runs; third, at Motherkilm; in all which exercising labor was assigned; the latter in particular was a very large, mixed gathering, in which were many black people. Strength was given to divide the word to the different states; and I humbly trust it was a time thankfully to be remembered. The praise thereof was given to the Holy Head of the church, to whom alone it belonged. We went to Warner Mifflin's to dine, with several other friends, and feeling an exercise that drew to silence, I found it right to give way to it, and it became general with those present, among whom were several young people; but very unexpected indeed were the remarks I had to make of the state of some we read of, who had made a covenant with death, and were at an agreement with hell. The secret conflict of my mind was great, in having such a passage to mention in a small

company, among whom appeared little visible sign of deviation. I was informed some weeks after, that a young woman then present, the only child of a valuable minister, married, the same week, a man of deistical principles, and ordinary character.

ROWLAND HILL.

Rowland Hill was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Baronet, of Hawkstone, Shropshire. He received "Deacon's orders," in 1773. His successor at "Surrey Chapel," Sherman, wrote concerning him: "Yearning over the spiritual miseries of men, he could not confine himself to the more regular and established mode of preaching in a church, but gladly engaged in that work wherever he could gather a congregation, whether in the market-place or in the cathedral, beneath the shade of a tree, or in the dissenting meeting-house; his object being to win souls to Christ, and ally them to His spiritual church, found in every visible congregation of His worshippers. After having for some years preached in most of the counties of England, in many of the churches, chapels, and streets of the metropolis, and in the fields and commons of its vicinity, to large and deeply impressed audiences, he determined to erect a chapel in the southern part of London. A liberal subscription was commenced, to which he was the chief contributor." In 1783 "Surrey Chapel" was opened for Divine worship, and Rowland Hill continued the pastor nearly fifty years—until his death, which occurred in 1833.

The energy of manner of Rowland Hill, and the power of his voice, are said to have been at times overwhelming. Once, while preaching at Wotton-under-Edge, his country residence, he was carried away by the impetuous rush of

his feelings, and raising himself to his full height, exclaimed, "Beware, I am in earnest; men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice so loud, that I was heard to the town below, a distance of a mile. Help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then, and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call on them to escape, by repenting and fleeing to Christ, shall I be called an enthusiast? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing."

To a friend Rowland Hill wrote: "Fine affected flourishes and unmeaning rant are poor substitutes for plain, simple, unaffected gospel truths; yet such sort of preaching will have its admirers; and it is surprising what strange stuff, of different sorts, will make up a popular preacher; insomuch that being registered in that number, should rather fill us with shame than with pride."

When asked his opinion of the excitement produced by a certain preacher, he said, "This cannot last; he is like a skyrocket that goes off blazing into the air, but the dry stick soon falls to the ground and is forgotten."

"How different," said he, "the poor tools of ministers of our manufacturing, when compared with the burning and shining lights the Lord can send forth."

On a tour in Yorkshire, Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend of his, who said to him: "It is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text, and part of your sermon." "'Tis more than I do," was the reply. "You told us," his friend pro-

ceeded, "that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers, who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticizing the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not, you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was *left to you*, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'"

In his 82d year, he remarked, "The older I grow, the more I feel my need of the Saviour, and the only evidence I have of my interest in Him, is the life-giving influence of a living Redeemer on my heart—we know that we are His, *by the spirit* which He hath *given us*. O fine expression,—*because I live, ye shall live also*. If Jesus lives in our hearts by faith, then, and then only, can you say, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. This language belongs only to those who are *dead indeed unto sin*, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ, their living and life-giving Lord."

Extract of a Letter from John Berridge to Rowland Hill.

"Luther used to say, 'when the Lord had fresh work for him, a strong trial was sent beforehand, to prepare him for it by humiliation.' Study not to be a fine preacher; Jerichos are blown down with rams' horns. Look simply unto Jesus for preaching food, and what is wanted will be given, and what is given will be blessed, whether it be a barley or a wheaten loaf, a crust or a crumb." (Probably in 1773.)

During the political riots which broke out in England in 1780, threatening the peace of the realm, Rowland Hill often went to St. George's Fields, in the southern

suburbs of London, a place of disorderly assemblages and seditious vigils, and addressed vast concourses of discontented and starving workmen, upon the verities of the world to come. His intrepid addresses were charged with hidden power; they pierced the consciences of men hungry for bread and heated with political excitement; the grievances of the present life, great as they seemed to be, and great as they really were, sank into comparative insignificance before the momentous interests of the life to come. Stout hearts gave way; a cry went up for the bread of life, and they who had nothing to expect from earthly sovereigns, gained access to the Throne of Grace. Nor is it surprising that hatred and spite aimed their shafts at the bold, yet true, reformer. Often he was pelted with stones, lampooned, or burnt in effigy, which, with the displeasure of his parents, and the undisguised uneasiness felt by many of his true yet timid friends, might have damped a heart less resolutely devoted to his Master's cause.

INDIAN DISCOURSE

AT A FUNERAL ON THE ALLEGHANY RESERVATION, N. Y.

On the 19th of Third month, 1851, we attended the funeral of Julia Ray's child, aged five months, taking with us Sally Shongo, an Indian girl, about twelve years of age, who had lived with us nearly a year. I desired her to pay particular attention to what might be said, and repeat it to me.

Two days passed before I had an opportunity to speak to her respecting it; she then said she could not tell me. I observed that I had desired her to remember; she an-

swered she did not forget what Jacob Blacksnake said, but could not tell me. "Why?" "I cannot talk English." I assured her I could understand her, and though often interrupted she gave me (with much apparent seriousness) the following account:

Jacob Blacksnake said, "That boy never said any bad words, he could not talk, he was too little, he never thought any bad thoughts. He had gone away up above, where the Good Man lives; Julia must not be sorry too much; if she would try to be good, she would see her boy again.

"There are two roads through this world, one straight, the other crooked" (designating the first by tracing a straight line along his left hand, with the fore-finger of his right, the other by making a zigzag course); "people that go in the straight road, go where the good man lives; and they that go in the crooked one, where the bad man lives; in an iron house, red hot." He said, "This fire" (pointing to a large one on the hearth behind him) "is not hot; but there it is hot, oh very, very hot."

"Where the Good Man lives is a very pleasant place; strawberries and blackberries are there, and birds sing very good; wind that blows there smells very good; great many flowers all around where God sits, and He looks what people are doing. He writes it down when people do good, and when they do bad.

"Smells very sweet where God sits. God very sorry when people drink whisky; when somebody dies, the Good Man comes down and gives something good to eat to good folks; and when bad folks die, bad man gives them bad things to eat.

"Good Man very happy when a great many good people there; bad man would be very sorry if no bad folks where he lives.

“Children must try to be good ; they will be sorry when they die if they are bad, for they will go to the bad place ; if children tell stories, when they are dead God asks them, how many stories did you tell ? God knows how many ; He knows everything we say. It is very bad to fight ; when two boys fight, God puts his head between them, and when they strike, they hurt God.

“The sun is getting old now, and this world will soon be burnt up if people are so bad, drink whisky, and tell stories, and steal ; and people that drink whisky, and tell stories, and steal, will go to the bad place ; they should stop, and try to get ready to go where the Good Man lives. If people will be good, the world will stay longer ; it cannot stay longer, if people are so bad.

“You are happy when you go drink whisky, but when you die, you won’t be happy, for Good Man says, you liked whisky, you shall go drink more whisky. The bad man has something he calls whisky ; it is like what people make balls of to put in their guns to shoot, and it is boiling in a big boiler ; he takes some out in a spoon, and pours it into their mouths ; it goes whis-s-s, and runs all the way down them like fire.

“Men, women, and children, remember what I say ; you must think all the time of what I say ; when I die, and you die, you will be sorry if you don’t mind what I say. Children will say, ‘My grandfather, Jacob Blacksnake told me, but I did not mind,’ and they will be very sorry when they are dead.” (He said more, not distinctly remembered.)

This was shown to an educated Indian, who said he did not doubt the translation being in substance correct.

Those Indians do not have regular preachers at their funerals, but sometimes one, sometimes another, or two or three speak. Jacob Blacksnake called himself the

children's "grandfather." The Senecas are divided into what may be called "clans," and those belonging to one clan speak of each other as relatives, father, mother, sister, &c. Jacob was a chief, a very intelligent and respectable man, son of "Governor Blacksnake," who was the oldest and most influential chief on the Reservation.

INDIAN WITNESS.

A Seneca Indian was summoned as a witness, before a magistrate in Cattaraugus County, New York. The "Esquire," thinking the Indian appeared stupid, and that probably he did not understand the nature of an oath, queried with him what would be the consequence of his giving false testimony. The Indian answered, "May be I be found out, put in jail, and stay there long time; then *when I die I catch it again.*"

His testimony was received.

MEHETABEL JENKINS.

Whilst Mehetabel Jenkins was in England on a religious visit (perhaps in the year 1787), she attended the circular meeting held at Exeter. Catharine Phillips was also at the meeting, and in the exercise of her beautiful and acceptable gift, spoke largely to those assembled. After Catharine had ceased, Mehetabel, who was an illiterate woman, and not extensive as a minister, stood up and delivered a brief testimony. Some one complained to Timothy Bevington, that such a friend as Mehetabel should speak in such a large meeting. The complainant thought good order required that an opportunity should

be taken with Mehetabel, to prevent the possibility of her disturbing large gatherings, and said, the Friend's gift appeared better adapted to small meetings of our own Society. Timothy Bevington, from whom the anecdote is derived, replied, he believed no harm had been done. It so happened that he had invited a man of some standing in Exeter to attend this circular meeting, who accepted the invitation. Soon after he met Timothy, and expressed his warm thanks for the treat he had received. Timothy said he was pleased to find him so well satisfied, adding, "My friend Catharine Phillips is considered a great minister." "Yes," replied his friend, "we know Mrs. Phillips is a very sensible woman; we therefore are not surprised to hear *her* preach a good sermon; but the few words the elderly lady from America said, were to me far more weighty, and suited to the situation of my mind, than anything Mrs. Phillips had to say. I hope to be thankful as long as I live, for the great instruction and sensible feeling of divine goodness I experienced from the sweet, short sermon of your American Friend."

CALEB PENNOCK.

Caleb Pennock was born in East Marlborough, Chester County, Pennsylvania, Ninth month 24th, 1752. During his apprenticeship he met with many temptations, and some unusual trials, in passing through which he was remarkably favored.

After his marriage, being actively engaged in providing for the wants of his family, he did not feel bound to attend week-day meetings; but became convinced of his error, in an opportunity which William Jackson (in the course of a religious visit to the members of their

Monthly Meeting) had in his family. Alluding to the change in his feelings, he remarked, "I had now another Master, and had to attend both First and week-day meetings." Some time after this he removed with a certificate to Kennet Monthly Meeting, held alternately at Kennet and Centre. The latter place was eight miles from his residence, and thither he frequently walked, entering no house by the way; and often on these occasions lending his horses to others. He was cautious not to grasp after the things of this world, lest he should lose a better inheritance.

When he became convinced it was the Divine Will he should call others to repentance, he long evaded the requisition, adopting the language of Moses, "Kill me, I pray thee, if thou dealest thus with me;" but at length gave up his own will, and became a faithful and humble minister of the Gospel. He looked upon his services, both in public and private, with great humility, saying, "We are but as a speck on the earth, in the view of our Almighty Creator, whom we ought ever to obey." He was much grieved by the departure from primitive plainness and ancient simplicity in dress and furniture, among the members of our Religious Society, which, beginning in cities, spread abroad into the country. He said he felt so discouraged at times, with seeing innovations among Friends, that he was ready to wish with the prophet for a hiding-place, beholding with sorrow a backsliding into many things that our predecessors had to renounce through great sufferings, and whose blood may be required at our hands, if we let their testimonies fall. The erroneous use of the plural language to a single person, he thought a mark of great declension; and was deeply grieved with the practice of some nominal professors, who taught their children to say the Lord's

prayer formally, at going to bed, or other stated periods, kneeling down, &c. In the last Yearly Meeting he attended (1840), alluding to the alteration in the query on love and unity, he regretted the omission of the words, "as becomes the followers of Christ," because in this fellowship was the only true unity.

On the 3d of First month, 1843, a young female minister (Edith Jeffries) attended Kennet Monthly Meeting, and the next day wrote as follows, viz.: "After I did the little that was given me, Caleb (Pennock) arose and took up the same subject, but opened it in another light. He compared our Society to a building that had been torn to pieces; yet he said all was not to be lost, for there were many pieces of plank that were worth saving. These would be taken care of, and would go towards erecting the fabric again, when they had been hewn and squared; for the building was to stand. He alluded to the separation that was past, and said this was not sufficient to humble us; and now the enemy was permitted to tempt us yet again; but his power was limited, and we were not about coming to an end; for the testimonies professed by Friends were in accordance with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and must prevail over all others.

"He was still more striking in the second meeting. The partitions not closing tightly, we could hear very plainly. He was addressing the young men, and, amongst other things, said, the enemy, in order to have successful instruments in his own hand, had tempted many filling high stations among us, and had led them off; so that it might be said, 'The leaders of my people have caused them to err;' and these were leading away others. The enemy had got up a counterfeit; and not only got it up, but also got it to pass; and if we expect a counterfeit to pass, it must very nearly resemble the thing itself, or it

would not do ; but after all it would not bear inspection, however near the resemblance might be ; but, Friends, *the true thing will !* How original, how true ! These are nearly the *words*, but the *feeling* which accompanied them cannot be conveyed. We dined together at J. B.'s ; and while I sat feasting on his redeemed-looking countenance, he turned to me, and said, 'I have lately been made to believe that the enemy was permitted to follow us to the very gate ; and that we shall not be safe until we get inside of it. And sometimes he tempts me to doubt whether I shall ever get inside, by bringing all the sins of my youth before me, and making me fear that I have never fully repented of them. Ah ! what a sorrowful thing it will be, if, after all my struggling, I should be cut off at last ! But I am sometimes given to feel that it is the work of the enemy, and sometimes I am afraid it is not ; and this brings me very low.' Oh what a lesson was this to me, coming from one that is now in his ninety-first year, and who, we believe, without a doubt, will in a few more days be gathered home unto his fathers in peace. How ought it to teach us that the humble follower is never safe, only so long as he is made to feel the necessity of obeying the command, 'Watch and pray,' and that even unto the end. May I remember this !"

On the day of Western Quarterly Meeting in the Eighth month, a number of Friends called to see Caleb Pennock. He appeared pleased that they had thus remembered him, and stammered falteringly, "I feel more than I can manifest," &c. He was disabled by a paralytic stroke a few months previous to his decease, but his faculties appeared to be clear, and he was preserved in much sweetness to the last.

He quietly departed, on the 25th of the Eleventh month, 1843, in the 92d year of his age ; and was buried on the

27th, at Parkerville, after which a large and memorable meeting was held.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF
JACOB LINDLEY.

In the year 1793, Jacob Lindley, a minister in the Society of Friends, residing in New Garden, Chester County, was appointed, with others, to attend an Indian treaty proposed to be held at a place, then a wilderness, and only to be approached by long and sometimes dangerous travelling. They were "absent on this toilsome, exercising journey about four months and a half." Jacob Lindley left an interesting account of the journey, from which the following anecdotes are extracted.

"12th of Sixth month.—Had a solid conference with David Kennedy, a half Indian, a man of learning and a man of influence. Having been educated in Scotland, he visited London, Jamaica, &c. He lives with the Indians and professes Christianity; is well versed in the Scriptures, and says he has initiated divers into the Christian faith, by a medium widely contrasted with our mode. He told us some Indians used to mock and ridicule his going to church, but at a certain time, he undertook to drub them severely, and ordered them and their families to attend church in future, or he would be under the necessity of dealing more sharply with them. On which they appeared the next day of public worship, and had continued steady ever since; he supposed it the most substantial method of making converts, as also of ending quarrels or disputes. To all which I opposed several texts out of the New Testament; to the validity of which he assented, and strongly avowed his friendship for us, and promised to use his influence, in order to open our

way amongst the other nations of his acquaintance, which is extensive.

“19th of Seventh month.—Staid mostly at our lodgings, writing and conversing with some intelligent travellers. One of them related a conversation between one Frobisher, a merchant in the northwest trade, when at the Grand Portage, west end of Lake Superior, and an old Indian from the northwest, which so much coincided with my own sentiments, that I note it. Frobisher was inquiring after the curiosities of the northern clime, which the Indian related as far as he had travelled; but added, that younger Indians, who had travelled further northwest, had seen some things still more wonderful. Frobisher asked him if he did not think some parts of their relation untrue? The old Indian replied: ‘No; it is not possible it can be lies, for they have never seen a white man in their lives.’”

A severe reflection on Christians, so called.

A RAVEN IN 1766.

In the year 1766, the especial interposition of Divine Providence was manifested in a most extraordinary manner, to a poor laborer, at Sunderland. This man, being employed in hedging near an old stone quarry, went to eat his dinner, in a deep excavation, in order to be sheltered from the weather, which was stormy; and as he went along, pulled off his hedging gloves, and threw them down at some distance from each other. While at his repast, he observed a raven pick up one of them, with which he flew away, and very soon afterwards returned and carried off the other. The man being greatly surprised rose to see if he could trace where the bird had

gone with his gloves. He scarcely had cleared the quarry, before he saw large fragments of rock, &c., fall down into the very place where he had been seated, and where, if he had continued a minute longer, he must inevitably have been crushed to pieces.

A STUDENT AND DUKE.

Doctor J. Fothergill, after having been some time in medical attendance on a titled personage (it is believed a Duke), sent one of his students to visit him. The young man, anxious to find favor in the eyes of the titled patient, assumed a manner and address different from those in which he had been educated. The Duke, in surprise, queried if he were not of the same profession with Dr. Fothergill? and receiving an affirmative answer, desired he would leave him, and inform the Doctor he was not disposed to trust his life in the hands of a man who was false to his religious profession.

WILLIAM KIRK AND WIFE.

Early in the last century, William Kirk and his wife removed from the neighborhood of Wilmington (Delaware), and took up a tract of land on the northern side of Chester County, now East Nantmeal Township. It was almost entirely a wilderness, and when they took possession of the cabin he had put up for them in the woods, they were much secluded from intercourse with others.

His means were limited, but he was energetic and industrious, and his wife, who was a valuable helpmate, united her endeavors to his in procuring a subsistence

for their increasing family. Many difficulties beset them, but they were generally enabled to overcome them more easily than they had expected. Of one period of privation and threatened famine, which occurred when but a small portion of their land had been brought under cultivation, he sometimes told in after-life with tears. It was the closest trial of their faith.

At that time he had no one to assist him but his wife's brother, a lad of ten or twelve years of age. The crop of grain they had raised was light, and after sowing for the next harvest, the quantity left was far from sufficient for the family through the approaching winter. Then William became disabled by rheumatism, the sustenance for the family was exhausted, the ground so covered with snow as to be almost impassable, and he was unable to seek abroad for means of avoiding the suffering which threatened them.

In this time of extreme peril his wife mounted a horse, and taking with her a web of homespun linen, set out for a distant mill. She left their cabin early in the morning, having snow from three to four feet deep to pass through, and many drifts much deeper.

The journey was very difficult, and when she reached Ashbridge's mill, near where Westtown school now stands, the day was far advanced. She told the miller the situation of the family; that they had no money, but had a crop of grain in the ground, and offered her linen in pledge for flour, until they could redeem it after harvest. The miller's heart was touched; he replied he wished no security but her word, gave her as much as her horse could carry, and offered to supply all they should need until harvest.

With a weary horse heavily laden, she travelled all night to reach her home, where her invalid husband and

young brother were sitting up, anxiously awaiting her arrival. The children had cried for food, and their father scraped from the kneading-bowl something of which he made a kind of porridge, which, with some boiled dry beans, having in a measure allayed their hunger, they had forgotten their troubles in sleep.

The mother reached the cabin in safety; and when she entered it, the bearer of good news and life-sustaining food, both she and her husband were so overcome that they fell into each other's arms and wept.

ABEL THOMAS.

The industrious do not always accumulate much of this world's riches. Sometimes their Heavenly Father sees the need of crosses, even in temporals, and administers to them losses of various kinds; but the Lord's dedicated children can often perceive His hand in these dispensations, and being content therewith, still find godliness great gain. Abel Thomas was active and prudent in his worldly business. A Friend who admired his industry and management said to him, "I suppose thou art growing rich, Abel!" "No," said the old Friend, seriously, "I have been mercifully blessed with many losses."

MARY RIDGWAY AND JANE WATSON.

Mary Ridgway and Jane Watson, two ministering Friends from Ireland, who visited this country about 1790, were much favored with spiritual discernment and gospel authority in their labors. Mary Ridgway, with

clear judgment to condemn departure from the truth, was yet a meek-spirited, mild-spoken advocate of the Gospel of Christ Jesus; whilst Jane Watson was bluntly honest, and spoke home truths in plain, straightforward, and sometimes sharp language. She was one to whom a description given by that late worthy minister, Ann Jones, of another Friend, would very properly apply: "He hewed to the mark, no matter what became of the chips."

Mary and Jane, in the course of a visit to the meetings of Burlington Quarter, attended one, with the members of which, excepting one man elder, they were wholly unacquainted. Jane rose, and whilst her strong voice and Irish accent seemed to give emphasis to her words, took for her text, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." In descanting on the nature of jealousy, she drew a vivid picture of a worthy female, who, not without cause, was suffering under its pangs. At this stage of her communication, she had some consolation to hand forth to the person. She then turned her discourse to the husband of the sufferer, the evil instrument of her sorrows, and proceeded, as though reading over a narrative of bygone events, to proclaim his hypocrisy and shame. As she told of his lapses from honor and virtue, she exclaimed, "What, Friends, if I could almost lay my hands upon him!"

Jane Watson then sat down, and soon after Mary Ridgway arose, and in her beautiful and impressive manner addressed the meeting on the difference between a real religion and that mere outward show, which to casual and superficial observers seemed as lovely as the real. She compared the appearance without the substance to the pictures of the painter, and the statuary of

the sculptor, beautiful to look upon, and yet they were not the things they represented.

When the meeting closed, the two Friends went home with their acquaintance, the elder. He spoke to Jane on the subject of her ministry, expressed his doubts as to there being any such person there, and said he thought there must be some mistake. "No mistake at all!" said the straightforward Jane. "Who was that plain man that sat on the bench fronting me, who, when I began to speak, looked up so boldly in my face, but presently drooped his head, and did not raise it again during the meeting? That is the man!"

This person was at that time an overseer of the meeting, and for aught that his neighbors knew, was exemplary in his domestic relations, as he appeared to be in his outward walks amongst men. But in three weeks from the time of this meeting, a train of hidden depravity transpired, and the sufferings of his wife, which Jane had so graphically delineated, were found to have been a sad reality.

It is said that Jane Watson once, commenting on the flimsy excuses of those in the parable, who, on being invited to the supper, declined, because of various trifling worldly engagements, when she came to treat on the answer, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come," remarked, "This was the greatest fool of all, for he should have gone, and taken his wife with him."

LETTER FROM PETER YARNALL.

In 1789, Peter Yarnall visited the settlement at Redstone, and parts of Virginia. During his absence from

home, he addressed a letter to James Brighthurst (dated First month 23d, 1790), from which the following is extracted :

“How low is the state of our Society in many places, and even in your great and opulent city, unto whom the Lord hath been gracious, blessing it with the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth ; and he is now calling to its inhabitants for fruits, answerable to the favors and mercies bestowed.

“Too many of those who have been invited by him to the marriage supper, have been pleading excuses, the world and its votaries have obstructed their way, and many have been wounded and slain by its friendships, and its spirit, whom the Lord had designed for usefulness in his church. The pomp and glory of things transient and fading have dimmed their lights, and they are thus kept back from the enjoyment of the banquet of the King’s Son, the possession of the pearl of great price ! Yet they are still invited, and the call goes forth into the streets and lanes of the city, and the highways and hedges ; for still there is room, and his table will be filled with guests.

“The world, the flesh, and the devil, still endeavor to prevent us, who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb, from accepting the invitation, and from taking our places in wedding garments, fitted and prepared by him. The love of wealth and the results of it are, and have been the main causes of the degeneracy visible in the families of many Friends in modern times. During the early days of our Society, when the Friends were everywhere spoken against and persecuted, a dance or play of some kind was introduced and acted on the stage in the city of London, which, although almost blasphemous in its parts, was one in which a striking soul-important truth was set forth. A person was introduced,

intended, with awful boldness, to represent the Almighty Creator of the world ; another was to personify the devil ; others were mortals seeking to obtain, by petitioning the Dispenser of all benefits, that which seemed most desirable to them. Each one was allowed one request, and that one was always granted ; one wished riches, and obtained it ; another honor, another revenge on his enemies ; at last a poor persecuted Quaker was introduced, who asked for the ' kingdom of Heaven.' When the others found he had obtained it, with one consent they cried out that they had forgotten the kingdom of heaven, and wanted that also. They were told it was too late ; their choice was made, and they must abide by it. At this part of the play, he who represented the devil, addressing the persecutors of the Quakers, said to this effect : ' You are fools ! you persecute the Quakers and cast them into prison ; taking away their goods and living from them, so that they have no certainty of either liberty or estate ; and that tends to wean them from lower enjoyments, and to keep them low and humble, which puts them out of my reach. I will tell you what to do. Let them alone ; and as they are an honest industrious people, there will be a blessing on their labors, and they will grow rich and proud ; build them fine houses, and get fine furniture, and they will lose their humility, and become like other people, and then I shall have them.'

"What an abundance of fine houses, fine furniture, and fine pictures, are found amongst us in these degenerate days, which our worthy ancestors would not have been willing to have owned. It is but recently we observed a notice of a painting made for a member active in Society matters, the pay of which is in dollars, counted by thousands. Was there a momentary suspension of the cries of the poor and starving for bread, when the bargain for

wasting so large a portion of their rightful inheritance was made? Who, with a Christian heart, does not know that the superabundant resources of the rich is a fund, in the will and ordering of Divine Providence, on which the necessities of the poor have a right to draw. Thus, whoever wastes them, is in fact spoiling the property of others, taking the food from the mouth, the clothes from the back, the shelter from the head of the starving, the naked, the outcast.

“Our friend, Anthony Benezet, who felt himself restrained from all needless expense, whether in administering to his own comfort, or to the gratification of what might be considered good taste, being in a store where many fine, costly goods were sold, exclaimed aloud, ‘What a number of beautiful things are here which I do not want.’ Were he turned into the picture galleries of some bearing our name, to the parlors, ornamented with painting and gilding, to the chambers, to the libraries, to the wardrobes; with both hands uplifted, we might hear him exclaim, with greater earnestness of spirit than he ever felt when he wrote the words, ‘The sumptuousness of our dwellings, our equipage, our dress, furniture, and the luxury of our tables, will become a snare to us, and a matter of reproach to the thinking part of mankind!’

“The sorrowful effect of an attachment to the riches, the honor, the enjoyments, the comforts of this life, are strikingly set forth in a dream of Samuel Fothergill’s. He says, ‘One night after I had retired to rest, I was led to trace back the transactions of my life, from my cradle even to that very time. The remembrance filled my soul with humble thankfulness, and serenity of mind, in the blessed assurance of being eternally happy, if I never opened my eyes more in this world. With these considerations and deep impressions of mind, I fell into a natu-

ral sleep, and thought the dissolution of the world was come; that I heard a trumpet, at which the earth and sea were to give up their dead. Afterwards they assembled in great numbers before the presence of the Most High, at the tribunal seat of justice; many on the right hand in white, and multitudes on the left, whose clothing was dark and gloomy. I thought I accompanied those on the right; and we were borne away as upon the wings of archangels to the celestial regions of eternal bliss. From thence I returned to view those miserable objects on the left, for whom all that was within me was concerned. I saw many that were clothed in white, yet at a distance, some of them individuals now in the body. I said, Lord what have these done that they are left behind? Then instantly their white raiment fell off, and I beheld them bound as with shackles of iron and fettered to the earth.'"

NANTUCKET.

The island of Nantucket was first discovered by Bjorne Herjulfson, a Norwegian navigator, in the year 985, while on a voyage from one of the Greenland colonies. The first Englishman who saw it was Bartholomew Gosnald, in 1602. This island was included in the grant to the Plymouth Company, made by patent from the English Crown in 1620, and jurisdiction over it was claimed under that patent by Ferdinando Gorges and William, Earl of Sterling, by whom it was conveyed to Thomas Mayhew, about the year 1641. In 1659 Mayhew conveyed to Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain, and William Pile, nine-tenths of the island (excepting that part called Quaise),

to hold in common with himself. Each of these ten was soon authorized to select an associate or partner, and thus the number of proprietors was increased to twenty. The consideration named in the deed was "thirty pounds of current pay, and also two beaver hats, one for myself and one for my wife."

These ten men felt, however, that although they now possessed all the title which the Crown could give, yet the Indians, the original occupants of the soil, were the true owners. They immediately opened negotiations with the different sachems, and succeeded ere long in purchasing from them a greater part of the land.

In the autumn of 1659 Thomas Macy, one of the purchasers, residing in Salisbury, being persecuted on account of having given shelter in his house to four Quakers for three-quarters of an hour in a rain-storm, left his home in an open boat, with his family and Edward Starbuck, and in a short time landed upon the north side of the island, where they found about fifteen hundred Indians, by whom they were kindly treated. The island was covered with oak woods which abounded in game; fish and birds were plenty.

In the spring of 1660 Starbuck returned to Salisbury, and induced several proprietors with their families to accompany him to his new home.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF JOHN FOTHERGILL.

"On the 9th of Fourth month, 1737, the Yearly Meeting began at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, and a large, precious meeting it was. I returned to Newport, where the Yearly Meeting continued and held four days; the assembly being large and peaceable, and at times comfortable

in the arisings of the mighty power and love of God, who had the glory and praise.

“On the 24th the Yearly Meeting began at Nantucket. It was large, and continued four days to true satisfaction, and the name of the Lord was glorified.

“ ‘NANTUCKET, Sixth month 28th, 1755.

“ ‘Here is a very large meeting of professors upon this island, which is, with respect to its soil, a sand-bank in the sea, about fifteen miles long and three broad. The Yearly Meeting finished here this day was very large, the place considered; being more than one thousand four hundred, principally professors of truth, at meeting, and about four hundred out at sea fishing for whales. A conviction there was formerly amongst them, and a body of good Friends remains; but as the richest part of the inhabitants embraced the principles of truth from conviction, the others thought the expense of maintaining a priest would be too heavy for them, and have turned Quakers to save money; though I hope, even amongst them, the power of the begetting word is in a degree at work, to give a surer title to the family of Christ.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.’ ”

Martha Routh, on a visit to Friends of Nantucket in 1794, wrote: “In the South Meeting were about two hundred and twenty families. We then went to the North, accompanied by Jethro Mitchell and Sarah Barney, two valuable Friends in the station of Elders. In that meeting were about one hundred and thirteen families.”

First month, 1869.—Whole number of members of the Society of Friends on the Island of Nantucket, 45. Six of these are over eighty years of age, viz.: one is 92, two are 89, two 85, and one 83.

Between 70 and 80 the number is 13; between 60 and 70, ten; between 40 and 60, twelve, and under 25 there are four, two of whom do not attend Friends' Meeting, the other two only occasionally.

These 45 members are in 26 families, and are situated thus: two families of four members each, nine families of two members each, and the remaining nineteen are individuals living either entirely alone, or in the family of a relative.

Within about one year and a half previous to the above date, six aged Friends were removed by death, aged respectively, 90, 83, 81 and two 80.

A DREAM OF MILDRED RATCLIFFE.

(Related by herself, Fifth month 5th, 1840.)

“Near my father's house in Virginia, there was a worn-out field, no longer worth tilling, which we used to call ‘the old field.’ When I was a little girl, I suppose about nine years old (for I sat upon the floor when I told my dream to my parents), I dreamed that I saw the field full of people, and in the middle of it there was a hole about as big as this room, if it were round, and from this hole flames of fire were ascending. After awhile I saw the old enemy come out of the hole and take hold of one of the people and thrust him headlong into the abyss, and the flames boiled up on him. Then he took another and served in the same way, and so on. It was remarkable that he always took those nearest to him, but the rest of the multitude seemed to take no notice that one by one of their companions was taken away.

“After awhile, as I gazed in astonishment, I perceived that there was but one left beside myself, and that one was

presently taken too. The old adversary looked around, and made directly towards me. Awfully frightened, I turned to run, and heard a voice distinctly say, 'As long as you run from him he will have no power over you.'

"It said '*you*' to me then, for it always speaks to us in a voice we can understand.

"The part of the old field I had to run through was a quagmire, and my feet sunk in, and I suffered as much as any mortal could suffer in a dream. About a yard before me a flame seemed to rise from the ground, and I thought, surely when I get there I shall be burnt up; but when I reached it, it was a yard further, and so it continued till I got out of the field. When I reached the road, which was a beautiful level piece of ground, I began to go faster and faster, and presently I flew and left the old enemy behind; then I slackened my pace, and was trying to raise a song of thanksgiving in my heart for my deliverance, and proceeding slowly, I suddenly heard the same voice say: 'See where the old enemy is.' I cast my eye over my shoulder, and there I saw the old adversary with both claws open, ready to grasp me. I sprang forward and ran, and soon I flew, and did not slack until I got home. I did not stop at the porch, for it was no place of safety, but as soon as I got within the door, all fear was taken away, and I turned round and looked the adversary in the face, and said, 'Satan, I am not afraid, I am in my father's house.' He dropped a scowl upon me and went away.

"Many years after, when distant from friends and in a lonely state, this dream was opened to my understanding. The people in the old field were the world; one by one their companions passed to punishment, but they heeded it not.

"The toilsome travel through the quagmire, was in get-

ting away from my people, the Baptists. The clean road was when I got among Friends,—but how was I instructed, that even here the enemy would clutch us if we were off our guard.

“But high praises to the good Master, we are always safe in our Father’s house.”

JOHN WOOLMAN’S FIRST SERVICE IN ENGLAND.

John Woolman wrote in his Journal :

“On the 8th day of the Sixth month, 1772, we landed at London, and I went straightway to the Yearly Meeting of ministers and elders, which had been gathered, I suppose, about half an hour.

“In this meeting my mind was humbly contrite.”

His certificate was presented and read, when some one remarked, “That perhaps the dedication of the Friend might be accepted, and he might feel easy to return to his native land.” This caused no unkind feeling in John Woolman, but conscious that the spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets, he was humbled and deeply affected, and his tears flowed freely.

Then he rose and meekly stated that he did not feel any release from his prospect, but could not travel in Truth’s service without the unity of his Friends, and that, while this was withheld, he should not be easy to be at any cost to them ; that he was acquainted with the trades of a tailor and a shoemaker, and he hoped while the impediment continued to be felt, Friends would be kindly willing to employ him in such business as he was capable of, that he might not be chargeable to any.

A season of silence ensued, during which tears flowed freely from many eyes. After a time, John Woolman,

in the pure openings of truth, spoke a few words in ministry, and the spirit of his Blessed Master bore witness to his gift. Friends were favored with true discernment, all obstruction was removed, and the flow of unity (first expressed by the Friend who had before spoken his doubts), became "as a river to swim in."

A MEMORABLE INSTANCE OF DIVINE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

The following account of some extraordinary circumstances, which attended James Dickinson and Jane Fearnon, both of Cumberland, when on a religious visit to Scotland, in the early part of their labor in the Gospel, was related by themselves (when each was about eighty years of age), to Sarah Taylor, when she was about eighteen years old; the one assisting the other in recollecting the circumstances as they related them to her.

It was in the borders, or some part of that nation, they were travelling with a person they had procured for a guide, to a town they proposed to reach that night, which, being a very long stage, and the rains heavy, Jane growing exceedingly fatigued, wished much to have taken up short of the town, if a suitable place had offered. Their guide assured them there was none, but being exceedingly wet and weary, and coming up to a good-looking house, James rode up to it, and asked if they could have lodging and necessary accommodations. They were told they could, when they determined to stop there, which the guide appeared very averse to, but finding they would alight, he bade them farewell, saying they had no further need of him; but evidently left them with regret, having remonstrated strongly against their

calling there before they went up to the house, but did not choose to speak in the hearing of the family.

On their alighting, they were shown into a room with a fire in it, which opened into the kitchen, or common room, where the family dwelt. Their horses were taken care of, their wet things put to dry, and they were, apparently, likely to be pretty comfortably accommodated. A posset was made for them, and a cold meat pie brought for their suppers; but on their first sitting down in the room, they both grew very uneasy; which, however, (not knowing how the other felt) each determined to keep to themselves; till at length Jane said that her apprehensions were so great, and her opinion of the family so bad, she fully believed the pie to be made of human flesh; which, however, James Dickinson thought was scarcely the case, saying he ate of it and thought it good. As they sat, Jane observed three very ill-looking men come in, and in a low voice, tell the landlady they had good horses; she answered, "Aye, and they have bags too." James's uneasiness increasing, his mind became closely engaged to seek for the cause, and for Divine counsel how to move; and under this exercise was favored to believe, if they kept close to that, and closely attended to its pointings, they should be preserved, and way made for their escape; on which he inquired about their lodgings, saying they had to write, and should want candles, and proposed to retire soon. They were shown into a chamber on the side of a yard, with two beds in it, without any bolt to the door; but observing a form or bench in the room, tried, and found by placing one end against the door, it would just wedge in between it and one of the beds. On their being thus shut into the room, Jane sat down on one of the beds, and manifested her distress by wringing her hands,

and saying she believed they never should go alive out of that house. On which James sat down by her and told her to be still; that he had been under equal distress of mind from their first sitting down in the house, but under that exercise, and seeking for best help, his mind had been favored by that which never had deceived him, to believe, if they carefully minded its pointings, they should be directed how to escape. On which they sat in perfect stillness for some considerable time, attentively waiting for best direction; when at last, James told Jane the time for them to flee for their lives was then come; and having, on their first coming into the room, observed a door opposite to that they came in at, and on opening it, found it led to a pair of stone stairs, on the outside of the house next the road, and believing that was the way for them to get off, he bade Jane put off her shoes, as he also did, and softly opened that door; when they perceived by a light through a chink, between the first stone and the house, a woman sharpening a large knife. Going softly down the steps and on the road, till out of hearing of the house, they then went as quick as they possibly could, James desiring Jane to run, and taking her arm to assist her in getting forward.

After going about a quarter or half a mile from the house, under heavy rain, they discovered a sort of hovel, or cot, where they tried to rest themselves, there being some hay or straw left for the cattle, but found, by the painful impression renewed on their minds, this was not safe; then, notwithstanding their excessive weariness, and Jane being ready to sink with discouragement, James urged the necessity of exerting themselves, under the firm hope that they should be preserved; and they went forward as fast as they could till they came to the side of water, the course of which they followed to a

bridge, over which they attempted to pass, but felt restrained when they were upon it. On which James said that was not their way; so they turned and went forward, keeping down the course of the water, which, when they had proceeded about half a mile farther, increasing greatly in breadth, James stopped, and told Jane they must cross at that place; which exceedingly alarmed her; having given way to so much discouragement, she could scarcely lay hold of hope that they should not totally sink under their present situation, and she told James she apprehended if they went into the water they should be drowned. But he endeavored to cheer her, reminding her of the evidence he had of their preservation, if they kept a steady eye to best direction, which he believed had led them thus far, and that their way was through the water at that place, and he believed they should get safely to the other side. Whereupon, with the help of his arm, she ventured, and they passed safely through; walking some distance they came to a sand-bank; here sitting down, James said to Jane, "I am not yet easy, we must go farther." Upon which she replied, "Well, I must go by thy faith; I know not what to do." Going a little farther, they found another sand-bank, in which was a cavity, where they sat down. After they had been there a little while, James said, "I am now easy, believe we are perfectly safe, and feel in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise." Jane replied, "I am so far from that, I cannot so much as say, the Lord have mercy upon us." When they had been there about half an hour, they heard the noise of people on the opposite side of the river; upon which James, finding Jane alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said to her, "Our lives depend upon our silence." Then attentively hearkening, they heard them frequently say, "Seek

'em, Keeper," and believed they were the men they saw at the house, accompanied by a dog; that the dog, refusing to go over the bridge, had followed the scent of their feet along the river side to the place they had crossed from; when, stopping, the people again repeatedly cried, "Seek 'em, Keeper," which they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say, they had there crossed the river; upon which another replied, "That's impossible, unless the devil took them over, for the river is brink full." After wearying themselves a considerable time in the search, they went away, and James Dickinson and Jane Fearnon saw them no more. When daylight appeared, they saw a man on a high hill at some distance, looking about him every way. They continued quiet in this retreat until some time after sunrise, when, upon taking a view of their situation, they discovered that under the first sand-bank, whence they removed, they might have been seen from the other side of the river, and that the place they continued in shaded them from being seen from the opposite side, which they had been insensible of, as they could not make the observation the night before. Upon their considering what they should do to recover their horses, saddle-bags, &c., James said, "I incline to return to the house." But Jane proposed their going to a town, in order to procure assistance to go with them to the house; to which James replied, the town from which assistance was likely to be obtained was about ten miles distant; that they were strangers, and had nothing to do with them. Jane still hesitating, he said, "I still incline to return to the house, fully believing our horses, clothes, &c., will be ready for us, without our being asked a question, and the people we saw last night we shall see no more." Jane said, "I think I dare not go back." James

said, "Thou mayest, Jane, safely, for I have seen it in that which never failed me." Upon which they returned to the house, and found their horses standing in the stable saddled, and their saddle-bags upon them, their clothes dried, and laid ready to put on, and saw no person but an old woman sitting in a nook by the fireside, whom they did not remember seeing the night before. They asked her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey.

Some time afterwards James Dickinson, travelling the same way in Truth's service, passed the place where the house had stood, but found it was pulled down and totally destroyed; and on coming to the town they had thought to have gone to, when they stopped there on account of the heavy rain, as before related, he inquired what was become of the people, and the cause of the house being in ruins; when he was told that some time after Jane and he were there, some travellers who were observed to go there to lodge were missing, and it having been long under a very bad name, and the people strongly suspected of murdering many who had gone there, the neighborhood with general consent beset the house, taking out the people, and searching the house and its environs, found the bodies of the above mentioned, with many others in different states of decay, who had evidently been murdered, and I think some parts of their bodies wanting, with a great quantity of clothes supposed to belong to them; on which the people were tried, and I think five of them executed, and the house rased to the ground.

Sarah Taylor, who received the foregoing narrative from James Dickinson and Jane Fearnon, was at the house of Lindley Murray, near York, during the time of the autumn Quarterly Meeting in 1790, when the above

account being read to her, she confirmed the same, being then about seventy-four years of age.

PLAIN DRESS, ETC.

OBSERVATIONS OF AN AMERICAN ENVOY.

After transacting some business with a member of the Society of Friends in London, he said, "I admire your Society; the principle contains all of Christianity I have any idea of; but I am sorry to see that some of you are losing your badge, and I do not see how you can retain your principles and forego your little peculiarities, your marks of self-denial and difference from the spirit of the world. You are lights; the world should come to you, and not you go to the world. You may gather them, but they will scatter you."

MARY DYER.

(Copy of a letter written by Mary Dyer the day before her expected execution. The original is on file among the Massachusetts Records.)

The superscription is as follows, viz.:

"Mary Dyer's letter to the Court, presented by her sonne, and read in open Court, 26th 8 mo. (Oct.) 1659."

THE LETTER.

"from marie dire to ye Generall court this present 26th of the 8th month '59, assembled in ye towne of boston, in New England, greeting of grace, mercy, peace to every soul yt doth well: tribulation, anguish, and wrath to all yt doth evill.

"Whereas it is said by many of you yt I am guilty of

mine own death by my coming, as you cal it, voluntarily to boston; I therefore declare unto every one that hath an ear to hear; yt in ye fear, peace & love of God I came, & in wel doing did & still doth commit my soul as to a faithful Creator, who for this very end hath preserved my life untill now through many trialls & temptations, having held out his royall sceptre unto mee, by which I have accesse into his presence & have found such favour in his sight as to offer up my life for the truth and people's sake's, whom the enimie hath moved you again without a cause, to make such laws, as by him is intended utterly to root out & keep back from among you ye holy people & seed, which ye Lord hath blessed forever, called by ye children of darkness (cursed quakers) for whom the Lord is rising to plead with all such as shal touch his anointed, or doe his prophets any harm, therefore in the bowels of love & compassion I beseech you to repeal al such laws as tend to this purpose & let the truth and Servants of God have fre passage among you, for verily ye enimie that hath done this cannot in any measure countervail ye gread damage yt will fal upon you, if you continue to keep such laws. Woe is me for you. Was there ever ye like laws heard of, made by such as profess Christ come in the flesh? Have such no other weapons to fight with against spiritual wickedness as you call it? Of whom take you counsel? Search with the light of Christ in you, & that will show you of whom as it hath done me, & many more, who hath been disobedient, & deceived, as you now are, which secret light as you come into, & obeying what's made manifest to you therein, you will not repent that you were kept from shedding blood, though 'twere by a woman: Its not my own life I seek for (I chuse rather to suffer with ye people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of Egypt) but

ye life of ye seed, which I know ye Lord hath blessed, & therefore seeks ye enimie thus vehemently ye life thereof to destroy as in al ages he did. Oh! hearken not unto him I beseech you for ye seed's sake, which is one in al, & deare in ye sight of God, which they that touch, toucheth ye apple of his eye & cannot escape his wrath, of which I having felt cannot but persuade al men yt I have to doe withal, especially you, who nameth ye name of Christ, to depart from such iniquity as blood-shed even of ye saints of ye most High. I have no self end ye Lord knows, for, if my life were freely granted by you, it would not be accepted soe long as I shal dayly see or hear the sufferings of my dear brethren & sisters (with whom my life is bound up) as I have this 2 years, & now its likely to increase even unto death for noe evil doing but being among you; therefore let my request have as much acceptance with you (if you be Christians) as Esther had with Ahasuerus, whose relation is short of that, that is betwixt Christians, & my request is ye same that hers was to ye king, who said, not that he had mad a law, & it was dishonorable for him to revoke it, but when he understood that those people were so prised by her & so nearly concerned her, as in words of truth & soberness I have here expressed you, that these are the same to mee, you know by the history what he did for her, I therefore leave these lines with you, appealing to ye faithful & true witness of God; which is one in al conscienses, before whom wee must all appeare, with whom I do & shal eternally rest in everlasting joy & peace. Whether you will hear or forbear, I am clear of your blood, but you cannot be so of ours, but wil be charged therewith by ye Lord, before whom al your coverings wil be too narrow for you; but to me to live is Christ, & to die is gain though I had not your 48 hours

warning for the preparation of the cruel, & in your esteme, cursed death of mee, Marie dire. Know this also yt, if through ye enmity you shall declare yourselves worse than ye heathen king & confirme your law, though 'twere but by taking the life of one of us, yt ye Lord will overthrow you & your laws by his righteous judgment & plagues powered justly on you, who now, whilst you are warned hereof & tenderly sought unto avoid ye one by removing ye other, wil not hear nor obey the Lord nor his servants, yet will he send more of his servants among you, soe your end shal be frustrated yt think to restrain them you call quakers from cominge amonge you by anything you can do to them, yea verily he hath a seed that suffereth among you, for whom we have suffered al this while, & yt yet suffereth, whom ye Lord of ye harvest wil send forth more laborers to gather (out of ye mouths of devourers of al sorts) into his fold, when he will lead them into fresh pastures, even the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Oh, let none of you put this good day far from you, which verily in ye light of ye Lord I see approaching to many in and about Boston, which is the bitterest, darkest professing place & soe to continue soe long as you don yt I ever heard of. O let the time past suffice of such a profession as brings forth such fruits as these laws are. In love & in the spirit of meekness I again beseech you, for I have no enmity to the persons of any, but you shall know that God is not mocked, but what you sow yt shal you reap from him, yt will render to every one according to their deeds don in his body, whether good or evil, even so be it saith Marie dire, who also desireth yt ye people called quakers in prison, that's in ye town of Boston at ye time of our execution, may accompanie us to ye place & see ye bodyes buried."

EDWARD WANTON.

(The following was furnished to the editors of a late paper, by "a descendant of Edward Wanton.")

Edward Wanton was a conspicuous merchant of Boston at the period when the persecution of Friends was most virulent. At the time of the execution of Mary Dyer, in Boston, he attended at the execution in an official capacity, whether as sheriff or captain of the train-band, I never ascertained.

He was very deeply touched by her language and deportment, and on returning to the house he removed his sword, saying to his mother, he "should never wear it again, as they had been killing the people of the Lord." He suffered great mental anguish for a long time, but at length he found peace, and became a member and minister in the Society of Friends. He underwent severe persecutions in Boston, which cannot be detailed within the limits of this brief article; but he at length removed to the town of Scituate, and was instrumental in gathering a large and flourishing Friends' meeting in that place, chiefly from those who had been members of the Congregational Church. This was quite sufficient to bring upon him the hatred of the minister of the place, who lost no opportunity of persecuting him, and he was made the constant object of reviling, both in the pulpit and in social life. On the occasion of his second marriage, which was celebrated after the manner of the Society of Friends, the priest instituted a suit against him, and obtained a very large verdict, in a court which was deeply prejudiced. This fine he refused to pay, and it was collected from him by distraint, which caused a loss of property to at least double the amount of the fine. I have a manuscript ac-

count of these fines written with his own hand. He built the meeting-house at Scituate with his own money, and by will left means to keep it in repair.

He attended the Yearly Meeting at Newport as a representative in his eighty-fifth year, and its records show that he was in its service on all the most important committees that were appointed that year. He was a bold and eloquent minister, and had great power of convincing men's reason, by clear and glowing exhibitions of the truth. He was not only instrumental in gathering a large meeting in Scituate, but several neighboring meetings were greatly aided by his ministerial labors, as well as by counsel and advice.

His sons, John and Joseph, removed to Rhode Island, and both became very eminent ministers. The former was for many years Governor of the colony. He was a man of excellent education and address, and his ministry was attended by large crowds of people as long as he lived. He was summoned to England in the reign of Queen Anne, and became a great favorite with her. She offered to confer upon him the honor of Knighthood, which he declined, but she did give him a coat of arms, and a magnificent silver gilt bowl as a memorial of her esteem.

No less than seven of Edward Wanton's descendants filled the gubernatorial chair of Rhode Island, and most of them were worthy and consistent members of the Society of Friends.

JOHN SALKELD.

John Salkeld, of Delaware, though an eccentric man, was a favored minister. John Churchman, in his early days, took an opportunity to labor with him for allowing

his eccentricities to carry him sometimes too far. The aged minister listened to all his young friend had to say, and then quietly answered, "Why John, I have overcome ten times as much as thou ever had to contend with."

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF A FAMILY OF FRIENDS.

The following account of the remarkable preservation of a family of Friends, residing about two miles from Dublin, during the rebellion in the year 1798, in which more than one hundred thousand lives were lost, was narrated by the mother of the family to Richard Jordan, of America, when on a religious visit to Europe, and related by him to some friends at Baltimore, in 1825. He observed: "Such is my confidence in the integrity of the Friend, that I have no more doubt of the facts than if I had myself witnessed them."

"The family were dwelling at a beautiful villa, handsomely situated and highly cultivated; and whilst assembled one afternoon around their peaceful and happy fire-side, they were rudely assailed by a party of insurgents, who surrounded the house, and forced an entrance. The leader of this band of ruffians informed the family that they must prepare for death, as he was determined to murder every member of the family as heretics, and burn their house and property. As they were proceeding to fulfil this murderous intention, a secret compunction of mind on the part of the officer arrested their progress; and after a short delay, he told them he had concluded to give them twenty-four hours' respite, during which they might consider his proposals; that they would return at the same time, four o'clock the succeeding day, and if

they were then willing to change their religion, and become Roman Catholics, their lives and property should be saved; but if not, every individual should be murdered, and the property rased to the ground. They then withdrew. In this hour of extremity, their faith and constancy were put to a severe test, and the intermediate period was passed under feelings which can better be conceived than described.

“The following was their regular meeting day, and the mother proposed to her husband that the family should rise early, partake of a light repast, and every member of it repair to the meeting-place, there to mingle once more in social worship with their beloved friends, before the hour of their suffering arrived. Her husband, however, deemed such a proceeding unwise, and they were brought into deep mental conflict, with fervent desires that they might be rightly guided in the struggle between religious duty on the one hand, and apprehensions for the safety of their beloved family on the other.

“They assembled the family to deliberate on the course they should pursue in this painful exigency, with a degree of humble confidence that Divine direction would be afforded them; and after a time of solemn retirement of mind, they spread the subject before their children. The excellent and amiable mother still pressed the propriety of going to meeting; but the father could not conceal his fears that it would lead to greater suffering. Their eldest son, with Christian fortitude and magnanimity, encouraged his parents to go, saying: ‘Father, rejoice that we are found worthy to suffer;’ a remark which greatly affected his parents, and so strengthened their minds, that they at once concluded to make the attempt.

“In the morning, they accordingly proceeded to their place of worship, taking the public highway instead of

going through the fields, to avoid the armed insurgents, as was usually done, and through Divine protection they reached the meeting in safety.

“They sat with their friends in awful reverence, waiting on the great Preserver of men, and though their minds were deeply affected with the gloomy prospect before them, yet a degree of living faith was renewed in their hearts, under which they were strengthened to cast themselves entirely on the protection of the Almighty. The meeting closed, and their minds were comforted and refreshed in having thus fulfilled what they considered a religious duty. But now a new trial commenced, in considering whether it would be right to return home into the power of their enemies, of whom they were now clear, or to pursue an opposite course, and seek a place of safety for themselves and children. Their faith, however, bore them up in this time of deep proving, and after solidly weighing the matter they believed it their duty to return home. The struggle, notwithstanding, was severe, for nature must necessarily feel keenly when our lives, and those whom we hold most dear, are at stake; but as they journeyed onward with their hearts lifted up in prayer to the Lord, the mother’s mind was powerfully impressed by the recollection of the 14th verse of the 60th chapter of Isaiah, viz.: ‘The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee, and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet.’ The recollection of this passage of the Holy Scriptures was accompanied by such an assurance of Divine regard and protection being extended to them that she clapped her hands for joy, and expressed to her husband and children the confidence she felt that they should be cared for.

“On reaching home they all assembled and sat down in

silent, reverent waiting on that God who careth for all His humble and obedient children, and thus awaited the impending stroke.

“The clock struck four, but their persecutors came not. The King’s troops had landed from England, and marched rapidly into the neighborhood, while the insurgents were flying in every direction to escape their pursuit. In less than two weeks the *same party* came to the house of the Friend, and on their knees implored the protection of the family to hide them from their pursuers, and save them from the destruction which they had so lately threatened to inflict on *them*.

“Thus they were relieved from their painful state of suspense, and had cause to be humbly and deeply thankful for the merciful preservation extended to them, confirming their faith in the all-sufficiency of their gracious Redeemer.”

The substance of the foregoing narrative was related by Richard Jordan in a First-day morning meeting in Baltimore, at a time when many deluded persons in our Society were endeavoring to undervalue the Holy Scriptures; and R. Jordan took occasion to show not only the kind protecting care of a gracious Providence over his faithful children, and the divine support vouchsafed through the immediate operations of the Holy Spirit, but also that He was pleased to make the Scriptures of Truth a source of unspeakable consolation to his believing followers, opening and sealing them on their minds in a manner beyond the reach or comprehension of the wise and prudent of this world; concluding with these words, “Friends, I am not prepared to give up the Holy Scriptures.” (See “The Friend,” vol. viii, p. 215, and vol. xvii, p. 139.)

MARY GRIFFIN.

Mary Griffin, of Nine Partners, New York, was the daughter of a zealous Presbyterian. Her quickness of perception was apparent about her sixth year, when, being present while her parents were conversing about their minister's salary, the mother remarked, "We must not starve the Gospel;" Mary replied, "That is impossible, mother, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Being allowed by her parents to frequent balls, she was once engaged in dancing, when her mind was solemnly impressed with the sin of thus misspending her time, and she immediately took her seat. On being asked the cause, she honestly told it, and refused ever again to partake in like amusements, thus bearing a testimony to the principles of a society of which she had never heard.

When quite young she married among her own people, and continued a member with them, till hearing that one called a Quaker had appointed a meeting in the neighborhood, her mind was drawn to attend it; but her husband being away, and only two little children in the family, she was at a loss how to manage, as the meeting was to be in the evening. But she put her children to bed, and when they were asleep, set out for the meeting, secretly saying, "I have faith to believe that kind Providence will care for them." She had to travel on foot four miles, and cross a stream, from which the bridge had been carried away; but she waded through the strong current, and arrived at the meeting; during which the following passage was so frequently presented, that she believed it right to express it. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

After sitting down, she felt great peace; returned home rejoicing, and found her children safe. At that time she wore a scarlet cloak, edged with fur.

It afterward appeared there was a man in that meeting about to engage in conduct injurious to his friends, who was so overcome by her communication, that he made a public acknowledgment thereof, and afterward became a member.

She soon after joined herself to Friends, and became an approved minister in her 20th year. It appeared she had not reflected on the inconsistency of her dress until a Friend remarked to her, "Laces proceed from pride, pride from sin, and sin leads down lower than the grave." She immediately laid aside all superfluities.

When about ninety-five years of age, she paid a satisfactory visit to some of the meetings in Nine Partners and Stamford Quarters, and in her one hundredth year visited the families of Nine Partners Meeting, and had several public meetings, in which she was greatly favored. Her natural faculties were reduced to a state of second childhood, while the spiritual part grew brighter and brighter. At one of these public meetings, a Baptist preacher was present, who afterward called at her lodgings to converse with her on the subject of inspiration, in which he did not believe. Being shown into her room, he found her sitting upon the floor, amused with play-things. He immediately withdrew, saying, all his inquiries were answered, as she was herself a memorable proof of Divine Inspiration.

Near the close of her life, she thus addressed her children and grandchildren, "Fear the Lord above all things, and keep to your religious meetings." She died 20th of Twelfth month, 1810, aged upward of one hundred years, a minister four score.

COMFORT COLLINS.

MATTHEW FRANKLIN'S ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO COMFORT COLLINS, IN THE YEAR 1812.

“We called to see Comfort Collins, aged one hundred and one years, and eight months. A more instructive and precious opportunity I never remember. All her faculties have in a manner fled, except religious sensibility. She has no recollection of ever having had a husband or children, houses or lands; nor does she remember her nearest friend. Yet her sense of Divine good, and the religious savour of her mind are unabated.

“We staid with her about an hour, during which time she was continually engaged in praising her Maker; exhorting us to love the Lord and lay up treasure in Heaven; often saying, ‘One hour in the Lord’s presence is worth a thousand elsewhere; I know it, friends, I know it;’ and her voice would settle away with that kind of melody which dear old Mary Griffin used to make. Then, after being still a minute or two, would again lift up her voice with angelic sweetness, praising the Lord, and exhorting us to love and fear Him.

“Looking round upon us, she would say, ‘Though you are strangers to me, dear friends, yet I love you all; I love all them that love the Lord, blessed be his holy name.’ She held Elizabeth Purington and myself by the hand, nearly all the time we staid; the whole company were in tears.

“The remembrance of this opportunity, I hope will never be effaced from my mind, for I think Mary Griffin and Comfort Collins are the most remarkable instances of the reality and rectitude of the principles of light and

life I ever met with, next to the influences thereof on my own soul.

“About the year 1760, Comfort Collins embarked with Sarah Barney, of Nantucket, to pay a religious visit to Friends in Europe. When they had been awhile at sea, she pleasantly told her companion, ‘she believed *the will was taken* for the deed.’ ‘How is that?’ said the Friend, ‘we are now on the way.’ ‘No matter,’ said Comfort, ‘keep this to thyself, and we shall see.’ Soon after, the vessel sprang a leak, the captain thought it best to return, and they were set on shore.”

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FLETCHER, OF MADELEY.

John Fletcher, the pious vicar of Madeley, near Coalbrookdale, in England, on one occasion, on ascending his pulpit with the intention of preaching a sermon which he had previously prepared for the purpose, suddenly found that he could not remember any part of the sermon, nor even the text. He feared he would have to come down without saying anything, but gathering his mind into calm collectedness, he remembered the circumstance of the three men of old who were cast into the fiery furnace, with the divine preservation they witnessed, and he concluded to say something in regard to it. In doing so he found, as he afterwards related, “such an extraordinary assistance from God, and such a singular enlargement of heart,” that he supposed there must be some peculiar cause for it. He therefore desired that if any of the congregation had met with anything particular, they would acquaint him with it.

Three days afterwards, a female of his congregation called on him and gave him the following account, viz.:

“Mrs. K. had been for some time much concerned about her soul. She attended the church at all opportunities, and spent much time in private prayer. At this her husband (who was a butcher) was exceedingly enraged, and threatened severely what he would do if she did not leave off going to John Fletcher’s church—yea, if she dared to go any more to any religious meeting whatever. When she told him she could not in conscience refrain from going, he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully that if she went any more he would cut her throat as soon as she came home. This made her cry mightily to the Lord to support her in the trying hour. She determined to go on in her duty and leave the event to Him. Last Sunday,” continued the informant, “after many struggles with the devil and her own heart, she came down stairs ready for church. Her husband asked her whether she was resolved to go thither; she told him she was. ‘Well then,’ said he, ‘I shall not, as I intended, cut your throat; but I will heat the oven, and throw you into it the moment you come home.’ Notwithstanding this threat, which he enforced with many bitter oaths, she went, praying all the way that God would strengthen her to suffer whatever might befall her. While you were speaking of the three Hebrews whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the burning fiery furnace, she found it all belonged to her, and God applied every word to her heart. She felt her whole soul so filled with His love that she hastened home, fully determined to give herself to whatever the Lord pleased, nothing doubting but that either He would take her to heaven if He suffered her to be burned to death, or that He would in some way deliver her, even as He did His three servants that trusted in him. But when she opened the door, to her astonishment and comfort she found her husband’s wrath abated, and soon had reason to believe

that he was under a concern for the salvation of his own soul."

In a few days her husband joined the congregation himself, and John Fletcher adds, that he now understood why his sermon had been taken from him.—*Benson's Life of Fletcher*.

LETTER FROM JOHN THORP TO RICHARD REYNOLDS.

MANCHESTER, Twelfth month 25th, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I will relate to thee, at this time, a short anecdote which I had from James Thornton, of America, one of the first of the first rank, who have visited us from that quarter of the world. He said, when Anthony Benezet was in his last illness and very near his death, he went to see him. Anthony had been long distinguished as a lover and benefactor of mankind; but when James came into the room, he said he never had been more deeply impressed with a sense of spiritual poverty, than he was at that time; and as he sat under these feelings, a view opened, how little all the merits of good works can avail, or be relied on at such a time, or anything short of our Holy Redeemer. He took leave of him under these impressions, and the good man died, I think, very soon after, and James attended his burial; but, he said, when he entered into the house, it felt to him as if it were divinely perfumed; something so like the opening of heaven, and a sense of the Divine Presence, as he had at no other time experienced. What a striking conformity between the death of this good man and that of his blessed Master! I thought this little story deserved to be remembered.

With the salutation of love, in which I wish us both a continual increase, I am thy affectionate friend,

JOHN THORP.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF DAVID SANDS.

In the year 1840, our ancient friend, Joseph Hoag, spent part of the winter with his son, J. D. H., in New Brighton, Penna., and part with our friend Samuel Armstrong, near Fairfield, Columbiana County, Ohio, at whose house he related the following narratives; also, at D. K.'s house [then] in New Brighton, Penna. (as near as the latter can remember); which he had received from David Sands himself, at a time when they were relating to one another the wonderful dealings of God's mercy.

SALEM, OHIO, 1872.

D. K.

“ At one time, when David Sands was on a religious visit in England, he felt a concern to go to Scotland, but was discouraged on account of lack of money to defray the expense of the journey, having only one pound sterling. While walking in the street of a city, feeling concerned as to how he should be enabled to undertake the journey, he came to an auction room, and felt like stepping in. The auctioneer held out two silver tea-pots of a very ancient date, and asked for an offer. David bid one pound, the auctioneer cried ‘*Sold*,’ and handed them to him; he paid for them and walked on, wondering to himself what he was to do with the tea-pots; but having bought them by direction of a feeling made known in his heart, he had faith to believe there was a design in it for his good; which soon proved true, for he had not walked far before a person accosted him and inquired whether the tea-pots were for sale, adding, ‘I have come a great way to buy them, but was a little too late. Those tea-pots belonged to my predecessors, and I would like to

have them, if you will be so kind as to sell them to me.' David replied, 'I have no use for them, thou canst have them; give me what thou thinks they are worth to thee.' The stranger said, 'I am very willing to give you five pounds.' The answer was, 'Thou canst have them.' So the stranger gave him the money and went his way.

"David was thankful that he had been faithful to the divine impression, and his faith was much strengthened to go on his way, and watch closely his feelings, to know what the Lord might require at his hand in Scotland, 'seeing that He will provide for those who are faithful in this our day, as He hath done in former days.'

"David Sands, after his visit to Scotland (of which many interesting incidents are recorded) returned to England, much worn in mind and body, as well as in his apparel. The Lord Jesus, whom he served, directed him to a town where a very rich member of the Society of Friends lived. It was made known to him that he was to go to that rich man's house and rest there, and wait for further direction. So he went in faith, and calling at the door, a servant came and asked what he wanted. David said he wanted to see the owner of the house. The servant said, 'I will go and see whether it is suitable to come before my master.' He offered David a chair in the hall, and went towards the parlor, but David followed closely, and as the servant spoke, entered and said, 'I am a pilgrim of the Lord Jesus Christ; I am much worn, and the Lord has directed me here, saying, "I have blessed him much, go and partake of the blessing with a little rest."' The servant stepped back, and the master of the house, being much offended at his bold entrance with such language, went out and told his wife what had occurred. She, being of a more Christian disposition than her husband, said, 'Please be not hasty in turning

him out of the house, but let us first see *who* and *what* he is.' She went into the parlor, and asked David some questions as to whether he was a Friend, &c., whereupon he showed her his certificates. She then returned to her husband, and pleading that the Friend should remain with them, he at length consented that he might stay in the kitchen with the servants. David gladly accepted the situation and went into the kitchen, where he found among the servants, some who were far more of true Friends than their master and mistress. And they soon observed that David was a true Friend, and had much experience in the Christian warfare, and they enjoyed his company very much. The mistress of the house, hearing him conversing with the servants, soon perceived that the stranger was a very intelligent Friend, and was interested in his company among her servants. She then began to plead with her husband to allow him to come into their parlor; to which he at length consented, provided she would give him a better suit of clothes (as his old ones were much worn). This she soon did, and he was invited into the parlor. He at first refused to go, saying, he was well suited with his company, and the servants were not well pleased at losing so interesting a companion.

"David walked to meeting with his cane, while the professed Friends (the master and mistress) rode in a fine coach, with a finely dressed driver, and a servant behind. But David, in his humble way, was much favored in their meetings, and was made instrumental in awakening fresh life therein.

"These Friends with whom David made his home, had four children, two sons and two daughters, who were all in Paris to learn the refinements of the world, and the time had now come for their return home. There were

great preparations made for their reception, and in great pomp and show they came, and were so received by the family. David received them in his plain, Christian way, which attracted their attention, it being such a contrast to what they had been accustomed to; and they also soon began to feel an attachment to him.

“After some time, one morning at the breakfast table, David asked whether there were not some Friends living in the north part of the country; he was informed that there were some meeting-houses belonging to the Society, but no Friends were living there. He said he felt a religious concern to visit that part, and his Master directed him to look to him (the master of the house) for an outfit and company. But the answer was, ‘I am not fit to go on such errands.’ In a few mornings after, David again mentioned his concern to them; then the friend said he could not go himself, but if he would, David might take his eldest son and daughter with him, having no thought that his children would go, or that David would accept them; but they expressed a willingness to go. Then the father asked whether he would not be ashamed to take them, as they made no appearance of Friends in dress or manners. But David was willing they should go with him, and was then told he might take one of the carriages; but he felt no freedom to do so, painted and gilded as they were, and needing an extra person to sit outside and drive. A more suitable one was furnished, in which the driver could sit inside. Being now provided with an outfit, and himself being driver, David set out with his gay young companions.

“On the way, from time to time, he felt engaged to speak to them of the Truth as it is in Jesus, and in accordance with the Holy Scriptures. They felt more and more interested in the principles held by Friends, and

became convinced thereof in this journey. The truth was also received by the people with great conviction, so that four of the old meeting-houses were repaired, and meetings again established.

“The children, on their return, told their parents of the wonderful grace of God to the people, and that they were also convinced thereof, and could no longer wear their fashionable clothing, but must dress plainly.

“The father, being a fashionable man, was much affected by the conviction of his children, though at first opposed to it, but their faithfulness to conviction made him at last say, ‘If they would dress so, they would have to be good Quakers, and endeavor to walk consistently with their profession, or else they might leave home, for he would have no hypocrites about him.’ So they changed their dress, their general conduct being also changed, to the honor of Truth.

“After resting some weeks, David felt a concern to visit another part of England, which he made known to the family as before, saying that he looked to some of them to accompany him in this journey also. The father said, ‘Thou canst take the same children again.’ David replied he was satisfied to do so, if they felt it their duty to go; but they did not believe it right for them to go, at which their father greatly wondered, and could not comprehend it. But David mentioning his concern from time to time, the father at length said, that if it could not be otherwise, he might take his younger children, and see whether he could make Quakers of them. David answered, ‘*I cannot, but with the Lord all things are possible.*’ So they being willing to go, they set out in the same carriage, and the Lord blessed the journey to the conviction of these children and many others; so that they repaired three old meeting-houses, and estab-

lished meetings to the honor of Truth. The children in this case, as the other two had done, furnished all the money, from their own private purses, for repairing the houses.

“On their return home they also informed their parents of the wonderful works of God, and that they must change their dress and conduct, according to the conviction of Truth in their hearts. This brought a great concern upon their parents, so that they were broken in heart and became of a contrite spirit, and through submission to the operation of the grace of God, became changed themselves, so as to be consistent members of the Society of Friends.”

A BRIEF GENEALOGY OF EDWARD FOULKE;
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY, AND THEIR REMOVAL
FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO PENNSYLVANIA.

(Written by himself, originally in ancient British or Welsh.)

“I, Edward Foulke, was the son of Foulke Thomas, the son of Evan, the son of Robert, the son of David Lloyd, the son of David, the son of Evan Vaughan, the son of Griffith, the son of Madock, the son of Jerworth, the son of Madock, the son of Ririd Blaidd of the Poole, who was Lord of Penllyn, one of the northern divisions of Wales.

“My mother’s name was Lowry, the daughter of Edward, the son of David, the son of Ellis, the son of Robert, of the Parish of Llanver, in Merionethshire.

“I was born on the 13th day of the Fifth month, Anno Domini, 1651, and when arrived to mature age, I married Eleanor, the daughter of Hugh, the son of Cadwallader, the son of Rees of the Parish of Spyter, in Derbyshire.

Her mother's name was Gwen, the daughter of Ellis, the son of William, the son of Hugh, the son of Thomas, the son of David, the son of Madock, the son of Evan, the son of Cott, the son of Evan, the son of Griffith, the son of Madock, the son of Enion, the son of Meredith, of Carvadock; and was born in the same parish and shire with her husband.

“ I had, by my said wife, nine children, to wit, four sons and five daughters; whose names were as followeth, viz., Thomas, Hugh, Cadwallader, and Evan; Gwen, Grace, Jane, Catharine, and Margaret.

“ We lived at a place called Coodyfoel; a farm belonging to Roger Price, Esq., of Rhewlass, in Merionethshire aforesaid. But in process of time, I had an inclination to remove thence with my family, to the province of Pennsylvania, and in order thereto, we set out on the 3d day of Second month (April), Annoque Domini, 1698, and came in two days to Liverpool; where, with divers others, who intended to go the voyage, we took shipping the 17th of the same month, on board the ‘ Robert and Elizabeth;’ and the next day set sail for Ireland, where we arrived and stayed, until the 1st of the Third month (May), and thence again sailed for Pennsylvania, and were about eleven weeks at sea; and the sore distemper of the bloody flux broke out in the vessel, of which died five and forty persons in our passage. The distemper was so mortal, that two or three corpses were cast over every day while it lasted. But through the *favor and mercy of Divine Providence*, I, with my wife and nine children, escaped that sore mortality, and arrived safe at Philadelphia, about the 17th of Fifth month (July); where we were kindly received and entertained by our Friends and old acquaintances, until I purchased a tract of about seven hundred acres of land, about sixteen miles

from Philadelphia, on a part of which I settled. And divers others of our company, who came over sea together, settled near me about the same time ; which was the beginning of November, 1698, aforesaid ; and the township was named Gwynedd, or North Wales.

“This account was written the 14th of Eleventh month (January), A. D. 1702, by

“EDWARD FOULKE.”

This document enables many of his descendants at the present day to trace the names of their ancestors to twenty-one generations inclusive, and allowing three generations to a hundred years, the oldest named ancestor (Meredith) must have lived about the middle of the twelfth century ; and Ririd-Blaidd a little after. This reckoning corresponds nearly with the history of England, and with a large folio volume on Heraldry, in which the Lord Ririd-Blaidd's name is mentioned, and his coat of arms, being three wolves' heads torn from their bodies without the aid of a sword or weapon. This badge, it is believed, was attached to his character on account of some military exploit of valor he performed in that rude and barbarous age.

There is a tradition concerning Edward and Eleanor Foulke, before their emigration to Pennsylvania, in substance as follows : Edward Foulke, with other subjects of the Prince of Wales, attended Fealty, as he was required by law to do, and learn certain military tactics. While one of his relations was engaged in fencing, and defending himself from a club in the hand of his antagonist, he had the cap of his knee struck off. While the wounded man was suffering exquisite agony, his antagonist was glorying in the victory, and their seconds parleying about the merits and demerits of the contest.

Edward Foulke's heart was grieved by their unfeeling indifference to the suffering of his relative; and he was led to believe it was not the will or design of the just, wise, and munificent Creator for one man (the Prince of Wales) to exercise such dominion over his fellow-men, as to require them to meet and perform such acts of cruelty towards each other; and while he was calmly considering the matter, it occurred clearly to his understanding that the Divine Will was, he should remove with his family and settle in the Province of Pennsylvania. This was very unexpected, and the idea of parting with his friends and relatives in Wales, to settle in the wilderness of America, among Indians and wild beasts, was very far from his inclination; but the more he pondered on it, the more serious the impression became. For awhile he entertained a hope that it might pass away, but as the subject continued steadily before him, he at length opened it to his wife, in a serious and weighty manner. Unexpectedly to him, she regarded it as an intimation or revelation of the Divine Will to him for their good, and said to him, "He that revealed this to thee, can bless a very little in America to us, and can blast a great deal in our native land," and cautioned him against reasoning it away.

Being accounted an excellent singer, large companies were in the habit of collecting at his house on First days to hear him sing; with this he became uneasy, finding the company of no advantage to him, nor he to them; as their time was spent in vain and trifling amusements; on mentioning his uneasiness to his wife, he found she too had become very much dissatisfied with the practice, and also with some of the company. They then concluded that a better way to spend the first day of the week, would be to read the Scriptures; believing too, that the

unprofitable part of the company would soon become weary and leave them, while their truest friends and best neighbors would adhere to them the more closely. This practice proved of great advantage, for when the company collected, and Edward sometimes indulged in merriment beyond the bounds of Christian gravity, his wife would say, under a deep concern, "Put away, and get the Bible." This call he carefully attended to, and it had the desired effect, for the most valuable company adhered to them, though the greater part deserted them. Their meeting and reading the Scriptures on the afternoon of the first day of the week continued for some time, and their numbers increased.

At length his wife reminded him that they were richly rewarded for their obedience to the Spirit that had shown him clearly the iniquity of performing Fealty, and the vanity and evil of singing and idle amusements, and that it now remained for them to follow closely the leadings of the Divine Spirit to the Province of Pennsylvania. They then conversed on the subject more freely with their friends, and some of their Meeting came over with them, as before related, being a part of the "divers others" he mentions in the foregoing account. Some had come before him, and others soon followed, so that the Township of Gwynedd (or North Wales), was originally settled by those emigrants from Merionethshire in the Principality of Wales, called by the same name.

The following account was left by Jesse Foulke (deceased), of Gwynedd (great-grandson of Edward):

"In the latter end of the year 1698, Gwynedd Township was purchased of William Penn, by William Jones and Thomas Evans, and distributed among the original settlers, who were William Jones, Thomas Evans, Robert

Evans, Owen Evans, Cadwallader Evans, Hugh Griffith, Edward Foulke, Robert Jones, John Hugh, and John Humphrey; only the two last mentioned belonged to the Society of Friends, the others being church people. The said John Hugh and John Humphrey early began to hold religious meetings in one or other of their houses, on the first day of the week. The other inhabitants, belonging to the Church of England, used to hold a meeting at the house of Robert Evans; and Cadwallader Evans was in the practice of taking his Bible with him to the meeting, and as they had no officiating minister, used to read a chapter or two in the Scriptures.

“But (as he himself related) as he was going to his brother Robert’s to the meeting as usual, when he came to the road leading down to the lower end of the township, where John Hugh and John Humphrey held their meeting, it seemed as though a voice said to his spiritual ear, ‘Go down and see how the Quakers do;’ which circumstance he mentioned at the close of their then meeting; and they agreed, one and all, to go to the Quaker’s meeting the next First day, and were so well satisfied with *their* mode and manner of worship, that they never met again in their usual form of church worship. Their meeting now increasing, they continued to hold it at the houses of John Hugh and John Humphrey, for some time; but in the year 1706, they built a meeting-house near where the present one stands, and held meeting therein, by the consent of Haverford Monthly Meeting; unto which they at first joined themselves, but their numbers increasing, and their house being small, a new meeting-house was built in the year 1712, and on the 19th of Ninth month, the same year, the first meeting for worship was held therein.

“In the year 1714, it was considered that, as a great

many settlers were coming in, and a young generation arising, and the Monthly Meeting so remote, that it was inconvenient to attend the same ; it was, therefore, agreed by Gwynedd and Plymouth jointly, to apply to Haverford Monthly Meeting for liberty to hold a Monthly Meeting among themselves, which, after a time of solid consideration, was moved to Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, and approved of by that meeting ; and the first Monthly Meeting held at Gwynedd, on the 22d of the Twelfth month, 1714-15."

The house built in 1712 was taken down in 1823, and a new and enlarged one erected on and near the same place.

Jane Foulke, daughter of William and Hannah Foulke (great-granddaughter of Edward), was married Twelfth month, 1757, to George Maris, of Gwynedd, grandfather of the present writer. He resided very near to the meeting-house, and they continued to occupy the same place, each living to old age.

The following address of Edward Foulke was made to his children during his last illness, and, it is believed, but a very short time before his death :

"MY DEAR CHILDREN : There has been, for a considerable time, something on my mind to say to you, by way of advice, before I return to dust, and resign my soul to Him who gave it, though I have found some difficulty in delivering my thoughts in writing. My first admonition to you is, that you fear the Lord, and depart from evil all the days of your life. Secondly, as brothers and sisters, I beseech you to love one another, and your neighbors too. If any of your neighbors injure you in word or deed, bear it with patience and humility. It is more pleasing in the sight of God, and of good men, to forgive injuries, than to revenge them. Rather pray for them than wish

them any evil, lest that text in Scripture, ‘ An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,’ come in your minds when you leave this world, and you be found wanting. Without doubt, he that is thoughtless and negligent all his days about the welfare of his soul, will some day or other, in the midst of his extremity, call on the rocks and mountains to cover him from the vengeance of an offended God.

“ My dear children, accustom not yourselves to vain talking, which the Scriptures declare against. It has been hurtful to me in my youth, and stopped me in virtue. The temptations of this world are very powerful, as Job said, by experience. Be watchful over your evening conversation. Let pious thoughts possess your souls the moment before you close your eyes to sleep. And if you do that, it will be easier for you to find yourselves in the morning, in a meek, humble posture before God, who preserved you from evil, and will create peace and calmness of mind, with a blessing on your outward affairs; as we read of Isaac, whose pious meditations in the field were rewarded with outward and inward blessings.

“ I desire you not to reject the least offer of good which may arise in your minds, as if it was what could be obtained at pleasure. Give up in speedy obedience to God, who begot that divine emotion in your heart. For a man’s continuance here is very doubtful. It often happens that death comes without warning, yet we must go, ready or not. Where the tree falls, there it must lie. I knew a man in the old country, who went to bed with his wife at night, and died before morning, unknown to her. Such things are designed, I believe, as a warning to us, that we may arm ourselves against the terrors of such a day. And of such as die after that manner, we have little to say, except that they died and were buried, leaving the rest among the mysteries of the Almighty. Hence let us

view our own weakness, and judge one another with charity.

“My dear children, that you knew the sorrows I feel now in my old age, for want of being more careful and circumspect in my youth, although I did nothing that brought shame on myself, or grief on my parents. And yet there were among the loose, inconsiderate youth, too many things which they called innocent, without considering all the while they were building on the sand. And I was often drawn into vain mirth with them. There is a vast difference between the sentences to be delivered to those who build on the rock, and those who build on the sand. Our Saviour said of the latter, their fall shall be great.

“Let me entreat of you, my dear children, assume not the appearance of religion without a real possession of it in your hearts. Our dear Saviour compared such to a sepulchre, white without, but within full of dead men’s bones. Yet I have better hopes of you, though I mention this.

“I have known, at times, something pressing on me to read good books, or to go aside in private to pray, which I neglected, taking my own liberty otherways. Then indifference and hardness would prevail, which deprived me of those good inclinations for a considerable time after.

“I have also to tell you of my own experience concerning attending week-day meetings. Whenever I suffered trifling occasions, or my outward affairs and business (if not *very* urgent) to interrupt my going, a cool reflection and serious view made me look upon it as a loss, or an injury done to the better part of myself: and generally the business done that day did not answer my expectations of it in the morning.

“One thing more comes into my mind, by searching myself; which is, it would have been better for me if I had

been more careful in my sitting with my family at meals, with a sober countenance, because children and servants have their eyes and observation on those who have the command and government of them. It has a mighty influence on the minds and manners of youth. So, my dear children, some of you may get some advantage from this. If you consider with attention this innocent simplicity of life and manners I have been speaking of, you need not fear but that God will protect you in safety from the snares of the devil, and the storms of this inconsiderate world. By diligence, also, you shall have victory over the deceitfulness of riches. I fear there are too many of this age who suffer themselves to be carried away with this torrent of corruption. And not only such as content themselves, as it were, in the outer porch, but also such as make greater pretences than those, even they who were looked upon as pillars in the work have, I fear, turned their backs upon it. I lay these things close to you, that you may be careful and diligent whilst you have time left, lest by degrees indifference drop upon you under the disguise of an easy mind, and you forget that it is only he who holds out to the end shall be saved.

“And as for your father and mother, our time has almost come to an end. We have lived together about fifty years; and now in our old age the Lord is as good and as gracious as ever he was. He gives us a comfortable living now in the close of our days. We have a fresh occasion to acknowledge his benevolence and abounding goodness to us.

“Now, I can with peace of mind, I think, conclude, with hopes for your prayers for us in the most needful time, especially on a dying pillow, and our time in this world come to an end, that we may have a gentle passage to eternal rest.

“Now I conclude in the words of the prophet Jeremiah, 31st chapter, 21st verse:

“‘Set thee up way-marks, make thee high heaps, set thine heart towards the highway, even the way which thou wentest: turn again, O virgin of Israel, turn again to these thy cities.’ ”

JOSEPH LUKENS.

Joseph Lukens was born in Horsham, near Philadelphia, in the Ninth month, 1729. He possessed good natural abilities, and was of a sober life and conversation. In the 22d year of his age he married Elizabeth Spencer, and in the increasing duties of the domestic circle, was a loving husband and a tender parent. In the 26th year of his age he believed himself called to the ministry of the gospel, and his appearances in that line were acceptable to Friends. Careful to keep within his gift, for several years his public ministrations were not frequent. Yet, through dedication of heart, he witnessed an increase in love to the cause of Truth, and a growth in knowledge and experience. With the unity of his Friends he travelled on this continent, proving himself an able minister of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, both at home and abroad, dividing the word aright in the assemblies of the people and in the families of Friends. He was often employed in visiting the sick, and being ever ready to assist and comfort his neighbors, he was much beloved.

On the 16th of Ninth month, 1784, he went to Philadelphia to attend the Meeting for Sufferings, and it being the fifth day of the week, was at the High Street Meeting. Here he appeared in a lively and acceptable testi-

mony. Towards the close of the meeting Sarah Harrison stood up and said, "There was one present who would not have the opportunity of again thus meeting with Friends. This made it necessary for such to improve the present, and prepare for a final change." She concluded by affectionately bidding the individual "farewell in the Lord." This communication was delivered with great solemnity, and Joseph felt in himself that he was the individual referred to. He attended the sitting of the Meeting for Sufferings, and that evening went out of the city on his way towards home. The next day, before he reached his residence, he was taken unwell. Fully satisfied of the truth of the intimation given him, he endeavored to prepare for his close. His sickness increasing, in a weighty solemn manner he took a last farewell of his wife and children, and passed away from this scene of conflict on the 27th of Ninth month, 1784, aged 55 years.

ELEANOR McCARTY.

Eleanor McCarty, of Elklands, Pennsylvania, was a much-esteemed minister in the Society of Friends. In the early periods of her religious life she underwent great hardships and sacrifices. Living five or six miles from her religious meeting, she generally went on foot, frequently leading a little child and carrying another in her arms. On one of these occasions a heavy snow-storm overtook her, and her discouragements were so great that she thought it could not be required of her to make so great a sacrifice again; but when the next meeting-day came she again persevered, and in that meeting was her first appearance in the ministry; and continuing

faithful therein, she became a clear and convincing minister of the gospel.

At one time a company of militia had been assembled by their captain, to muster on a ground some miles from her home, and feeling her mind strongly drawn to visit the place, and take an opportunity with the captain, she believed that if she was faithful, a friend and neighbor named Hogeland would be willing to accompany her. Accordingly she dressed herself and walked towards the house of the friend, whom, to her great surprise, she found standing in the door with cloak and bonnet, waiting her arrival, though she was totally ignorant of her concern through any outward channels. This great confirmation increased her faith, and they reached the ground together. Eleanor had a powerful opportunity with the men. The captain laid down his arms, never more to resume them, and afterwards became a member of the Society of Friends.

Eleanor McCarty deceased 20th of Fourth month, 1844, in the 63d year of her age.

THE VALUE OF PREMONITIONS.

(From the "Home Monthly.")

One of our railroad engineers some years since was running an express train of ten well-filled cars. It was in the night, and a very dark night too. His train was behind time, and he was putting the engine to the utmost speed of which it was capable, in order to reach a certain point at the proper hour. He was running on a straight and level track, and at this unusual velocity, when a conviction struck him that he must stop. "A something seemed to tell me," he said, "that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save my life. I

looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger or anything betokening danger, and there in the daytime I could have seen five miles. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales, and all was right: I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; . . . but it grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop, but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger, and I resolved to stop. I shut off, blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little without saying anything to anybody what was the matter. I had a lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track utterly unable to stand."

He goes on to tell us that there he found some one had drawn a spike which had long fastened a switch-rail, and opened a switch which had always been kept locked, and which led on to a track—only about one hundred and fifty feet long—which terminated in a stone quarry. "Here it was, wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonitory warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock eighteen feet high! The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described, but they could by no possibility have been otherwise than horribly fatal."

No one can here doubt the fact of a special interposi-

tion of God, by which, from a calamity most terrific, hundreds of lives were wonderfully spared.

ANECDOTE OF A MINISTER OF BERG.

John George Roley, a minister of Berg, in Wurtemberg, sent out his servant with a six-horse team to fetch grain. During the night, about the time when the team was expected to return, he was suddenly seized by such a restlessness that he arose and went to meet his servant, notwithstanding his wife's repeated assurance that he need not apprehend any danger. He found his man asleep on horseback, and the team, owing to the bad road, so far turned aside, that it would, a few moments later, have reached a spot where all would inevitably have been precipitated into a deep abyss.

A DREAM OF SARAH HARRISON'S.

In her dream, she thought she was sitting in the parlor, on a low chair, with a white apron on; when a tall person came into the room, went up to her, and threw something heavy in her lap. She asked him what it was. He told her it was a soul in hell, but to touch it with her finger and she would find life in it; she did so, and it moved over her lap. She was greatly agitated, when her husband awakened her, and inquired what ailed her. She said she could not tell him, but expected shortly to be called to some awful scene.

Whitehead Humphreys, an unbelieving character, was taken ill; his friends thought it his last sickness, and felt much anxiety on account of his situation, particularly

his brother, who queried with him whether he would not like to see some friends; but he seemed to be insensible to his situation, and declined seeing any, until within a few days of his death, when he consented to see Arthur Howell, but he had gone out of town; the messenger then proceeded to Samuel Emlen's, who was also from home. On his return he met with Sarah Harrison and William Savery, to whom he mentioned the situation of Whitehead, and requested them to go with him, which they accordingly did. Soon after their arrival, the other friends, who had been sent for, came, and they proceeded to his chamber, where they found him in a very unsettled and restless state, and full of conversation. After sitting with him awhile, Samuel said, "Whitehead! Whitehead! there is no time to be idle; thou art in an awful state!" He then lay still for some time, and dear Sarah Harrison, who was under an awful concern, was drawn forth to supplicate for him; after which he seemed more composed. On the friends leaving the room, Sarah Harrison told Whitehead's sister-in-law of the foregoing dream, and the awful impression that, from the time of her dream, and when she first sat down in his chamber, had attended her mind; but her feelings had become more comfortable, and she thought it might be truly said, "he was called at the eleventh hour."

He said to the friends these emphatic words: "Tell it at the corners of the streets, proclaim it in the assemblies of the people, that I have been endeavoring to believe a lie."

JOSEPH HEMPHILL AND A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A member of the Society of Friends, who resided in a village not far from Philadelphia, during a considerable portion of the meridian of his life, evinced little disposition to conform to the testimonies and principles of his profession. Among other things, he was very negligent in the attendance of religious meetings, and on one occasion refused to withdraw a few minutes from his worldly business to sit with his family during the time of a religious visit paid them by two ministering Friends. His son, having been favored with a powerful visitation of Divine love, yielded in measure thereto, and became diligent in going to meetings, walking to the one they belonged to, though at the distance of several miles. One day, Joseph Hemphill, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, afterward a judge and member of Congress, came into the store, and not seeing the young man, inquired of the father where he was. "Gone to meeting," said the father, with a sneer. "Gone to meeting!" replied Joseph. "The more to his credit; for he gets no help from his father, mother, or sister! I tell you what, if I was in your place, if I could not live up to the principles I professed, I would request to be released from membership."

This unexpected rebuke had a powerful effect on the man to whom it was addressed. He said he had never had such a sermon preached to him. He could not get from under the weight of it, and soon found himself most easy to be diligent in his religious duties. At the time of his death he was a prominent member of the meeting he belonged to, and was thought to have become an humble-minded Christian.

ANECDOTE. WILLIAM GIFFORD.

On a certain time (the date is uncertain, probably between 1835 and 1839), "Nantucket harbor was frozen over nearly all winter. All the coal in store had been burned, and there was much suffering for want of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burned to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement, and before the craft was moored a coal-dealer boarded her, and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford. 'Wall, cap'en,' said he, 'you've about hit it this cruise; I guess I'll hev to take y'ur hull cargo. Spose you'll want more'en the usual seven dollars a ton. Wall, I like to do the square thing by a friend, and I'll give you twelve dollars a ton for it.' 'Friend,' said Captain Gifford, 'thee can have a ton of my coal, if thee likes, for eight dollars, but only one ton; all may have a chance.' Just then one of the richest men in the place joined them, saying: 'I want ten tons of your coal at your own price; name it. I have suffered enough for once.' He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and eight dollars the price for each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals, could move honest Captain Gifford. Who would do thus now?"

A Friend residing on Nantucket was queried with, respecting the authenticity of the foregoing; he answered: "I knew William Gifford well,—think he was owner as well as captain of the vessel, and well remember the cir-

cumstance. I heard him say at the time nearly these words, 'Now I have got to act conscience.' He was a man of good and quick natural parts, resided in West Falmouth, and sailed from here (Nantucket) mostly up the Hudson River. In the spring of 1871 there was no coal to be bought on the island, and in that of 1872 no cord-wood. I have known it to be so that there was no corn to be bought. (I speak of the dealers in these commodities.) There is a spirit of accommodation in the inhabitants, which leads to a willingness to lend; and actual suffering, I think, would lead to prompt attention."

A PRESENTIMENT.

The *Scranton* (Penna.) *Republican* tells the following sad story of one of the victims of the late Pittston, Penna., coal mine disaster :

"William James expired about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the Tuesday following the catastrophe, and was the last added to the list of those upon whom the death angel laid his hand in that awful havoc. He was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the dreadful day in question he had taken his breakfast, and his wife had made ready his dinner, and set the pail beside him. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the stove, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung. He started to his feet, and gazing upon her for a moment with a look full of tenderness and significance, said to her, 'If I should not come back alive, would you be in

such a hurry getting me out?' The wife answered 'No,' but remarked that if he was going at all it was time he was gone. He lifted his pail without saying a word, and after kissing his wife, kissed his four little children, who were sitting playing on the doorstep. When he had got about fifty yards from his home, he returned again, and kissed his wife and children once more with great fervency.

"His wife noticed that he was the victim of gloomy forebodings, and as he turned away, she was about to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage and the necessities of their family, overcame her intention, and she let him go. She stood in the door and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at a point where he turned out of her sight, he paused and cast a wistful look back towards his home and little ones, and seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu. He parted with his loved ones forever."

SHREWDNESS.

"He that delivered [it] unto thee hath the greater sin."

"I am glad," said Dr. Y——s to the Chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky. But it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the Indian, and he fixed an arch and impressive eye upon the Doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "We Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not MAKE it."

SENSIBILITY OF AN INDIAN.

In a certain town of Maine was once exhibited a striking display of Indian character. One of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his orderly demeanor, received from the State a grant of land and settled himself in a new township, where several white families had previously settled. Although not ill-treated, the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was made manifest on the death of his only child, when none of his neighbors went near him to join in the obsequies of burial.

Shortly after, he called on some of the inhabitants. "When white man's child die," said he, "Indian man be sorry; he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me; I make his grave alone; I can no live here." He gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child*, and carried it with him two hundred miles, through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians.

POETICAL PIECES,

BY

THE GLEANER.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

'Twas morning in Seville, and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there,
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feelings of the heart!

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given,
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face ;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace ;
A poet's brightest dream was there !

Murillo entered, and, amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed ;
“ Whose work is this? speak, tell me ! he
Who to his aid such power can call,”
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
“ Will yet be master of us all.
Would I had done it ! Ferdinand !
Isturitz ! Mendez ! say whose hand
Among ye all ?” With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered, “ 'Twas not I !”

“ How came it then ?” impatiently
Murillo cried ; “ but we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian !”

At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave ;
For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there ;
And threatened, if he did not tell
The truth at once, the dungeon cell.

"Thou answerest not!" Murillo said—
 (The boy had stood in speechless fear);
 "Speak, or—" At last he raised his head,
 And murmured, "No one has been here."
 "'Tis false!"—Sebastian bent his knee,
 And clasped his hands imploringly,
 And said, "I swear it! none but me!"

"List," said his master, "I would know
 Who enters here,—there have been found
 Before, rough sketches strewn around,
 By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show;
 See that to-night strict watch you keep,
 Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep;
 If on to-morrow morn you fail
 To answer what I ask,
 The lash shall force you,—do you hear?
 Hence! to your daily task."

* * * * *

'Twas midnight in Seville. And faintly shone
 From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray
 Within Murillo's study: all were gone,
 Who there, in pleasant tasks, or converse gay,
 Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
 'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,
 That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
 One bright-eyed boy was there, Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child, that boy had seen
 Not thrice five summers yet;
 But genius marked the lofty brow,
 O'er which his locks of jet

Profusely curled ; his cheeks' dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

“ Alas ! what fate is mine ? ” he said,
“ The lash, if I refuse to tell
Who sketched those figures ; if I do,
Perhaps e'en more, the dungeon cell ! ”
He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid.
It came ! for soon in slumber laid,
He slept until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

“ I'll sleep no more,” he cried, “ and now
Three hours of freedom I may gain
Before my master comes, for then
I shall be but a slave again.
Three blessed hours of freedom ! how
Shall I employ them ?—Ah ! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced,
Must be, yes, it *must* be effaced.”

He seized a brush,—the morning light
Gave to the head a softened glow ;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
He cried, “ Shall I efface it ? No !
That breathing lip ! that beaming eye !
Efface them ? I would rather die ! ”

The terror of the humble slave,
Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings Nature gave,
Which only gifted spirits know ;

He touched the brow, the lip ; it seemed
His pencil had some magic power ;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed ;
Sebastian had forgot the hour !
Forgot his master, and the threat
Of punishment still hanging o'er him ;
For with each touch new beauties met,
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished. Rapturously
He gazed ; could aught more beauteous be ?
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started ; horror chilled his blood !
His master, and the pupils all
Were there, e'en at his side !
The terror-stricken slave was mute ;
Mercy would be denied,
E'en could he ask it ; so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered, for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
Each with an artist's joy ;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke :
" Who is your master, boy ?"
" You, señor !" said the trembling slave.
" Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave
Before that Virgin's head you drew ?"
Again he answered : " Only, you."
" I gave you none !" Murillo cried.
" But I have heard," the boy replied,
" What you to others said."
" And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said, " 'tis plainly shown
That you have profited."

“What (to his pupils) is his meed?
Reward or punishment?”
“Reward, reward!” they warmly cried.
(Sebastian’s ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)
“What shall it be?” They spoke of gold,
And of a splendid dress,
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

“Speak!” said Murillo kindly, “choose
Your own reward; what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I’ll not refuse;
Then speak at once, and fearlessly.”
“Oh! if I dared!” Sebastian knelt,
And feelings he could not control
(But feared to utter even then),
With strong emotion shook his soul.

“Courage!” his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpowering dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,
“Sebastian, ask, you have your choice,
Ask for your *freedom*.” At the word
The suppliant strove to raise his voice;
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer, breathed fervently,
“*Oh! master, make my FATHER free!*”

“Him and thyself! my noble boy!”
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side;

“Thy talents rare, and filial love,
E’en more have fairly won ;
Still be thou mine by other bonds,
My pupil and my son !”

Murillo knew, e’en when the words
Of generous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian’s talents soon must lead
To fame, that would his own eclipse.
And constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care, such matchless skill,
As made his name the pride of Spain.

1838.

NOTE.—Sebastian Gomez, better known as the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen exhibited in Seville, the picture he was found painting by his master, with a number of others. The incident related above occurred about the year 1630.

THE DEATH-BED OF A SLAVE-TAKER.

THE kidnapper felt the awful power
Of o’erwhelming remorse in his dying hour,
Of agony, spurning the stern control
That had nerved his feelings, and stained his soul
With secret crimes ; but his conscience wrung
Their confession, then, from his faltering tongue.

His victims were countless ;* of one he spoke
Who had fled from a southern tyrant’s yoke,
And a home (with his wife and children) found,
Where freedom and plenty smiled around.

* Though a slave-taker may know how many human beings he has actually sold into bondage, the wretched lives and broken hearts caused by such sales *cannot be numbered*.

“I lost,” the awakened sinner said,
As he writhed in anguish, “the path that led
To the river’s bank; all was dark around,
When that dwelling of love and peace I found,
Found welcome from all in the home of that slave;
They gave me food, and their bed they gave,
Their only bed; and he led next day
My steps for miles, on my forward way;
Nor would take the reward I offered then;
We parted: Oh! had we ne’er met again!

Months passed away; then I learned that he
Who so kindly had sheltered and guided me,
Might be torn from his peaceful home, and sold
To increase my store of blood-stained gold.
I hastened once more to his happy retreat,
And welcome, most kind and sincere, did I meet!

How was it requited? I acted the part
Of a grateful friend, with a villain’s art;
And too easily they my tale believed,
When I said, that, for kindness there received,
My gratitude prompted me now to come,
And offer them all a more pleasant home;
That his labor there should be well repaid;
And they trusted each specious promise made.

To visit that future home, his consent
Was gained, and a social evening spent:
How gratefully happy was each warm heart!
How cheerfully did he, next morning, depart!

We soon reached a river—’twas deep and wide,
But the ice seemed firm from side to side;

It bore us awhile, as the way I led,
 Then trembled and parted beneath my tread.
 All powerless I sank; that generous slave
 Risked his own, *my* guilty life to save,
 Then carried me senseless to the shore,
 Which, unaided by him, I had reached no more;
He rescued me! shall I conclude the tale?"
 The speaker's lip turned more deathly pale.
 "Oh, my husband!" exclaimed his weeping wife,
 "You *could not* sell him who preserved your life!"
 "I could! I did! ere the close of that day,
 My deliverer was borne in chains away;
 I assisted, with strength I owed to him,
 To rivet those chains on each quivering limb.
 Not a single word the poor victim spoke,
 But one glance he gave me! that withering look!
 It haunts me still in the broad daylight,
 It comes with the deepest shades of night.
 Oh, now 'tis before me! I see him there,
 With that look of agony and despair
 Which has followed me since that fatal day:
 He is come to torment me! Oh! take him away!"
 "Away!" he repeated with failing breath,
 And the kidnapper's eyes were closed in death.

1837.

FRAGMENTS.

"Weep not for those whose race is run,—
 Whose prize is gained, whose toil is past;
 To them the power of grief is done,
 And misery's storm has frowned its last!

* * * * *

“But weep for those who yet remain,
 The feverish weight of life sustaining,
 The frown of scorn, the sting of pain,
 And secret anguish uncomplaining.”

T. F. H.

COLD, cold the snow-wreath lies above
 The form, that, warmed by life and love,
 For many a year was by my side,—
 And, turning from the vacant chair,
 The pillow, cold and smooth and bare,
 I feel that there is none to share
 With me, whatever may betide.

Yet there are those that love me—thou,
 Sister! my only sister now,
 Faithful, affectionate, and kind,
 And dear—in sorrow doubly dear,
 With heart and hand my path would cheer;
 But still *her* place is vacant here,
 A changeless blank I ever find.

Yes, there are those who love me,—who
 Through clouds and sunshine have been true,
 And well I know and prize their worth;
 And those who now, in sorrow tried,
 Cling the more closely to my side,—
 Alas! in hearts to mine allied,
 Are ties too strong that bind to earth.

* * * * *

That grave is green,—oh, can it be,
 Sister! since it was made for thee,
 Almost a year has passed away?—

It seems a wintry day and night,
 Of dark'ning clouds and fitful light,
 With flowers frost-stricken when most bright,—
 Thy last hour seems but yesterday!

Still, still I hear the gentle tone
 From *thy* heart speaking to my own.
 Oh! that to me there may be given
 Like thine, a spirit purified
 (E'en though by suffering deeply tried),
 Following the one unerring Guide,
 Who led thee, blessed one! to Heaven.

* * * * * *

I've stood beside another grave,
 O'er which the grass and wild flowers wave
 (In their fifth summer blossoming);
 My young and lovely cousin,—thou,
 With thy bright smile, but pensive brow,
 Art brought before me even now,
 By memory's faithful picturing.

Beloved one! I did not see
 Thy suffering, but I wept for thee,
 Mourned for the sorrow in thy home:—
 Yet ever comes the soothing thought,
 "To hearts like thine, by feeling taught,
 This world must be with sorrow fraught;"
Thou art where sorrow cannot come!

By thine another grave was made;
 I stood beside it, while they laid
 Within its confines one beloved,
 And bound to us by kindred's tie,

But dearer for the sympathy,
The kindness and sincerity,
So highly prized, so often proved.

She, too, is gone, and with her gone
A light that on my pathway shone,
Even from early childhood's day,
But calmly, usefully, she passed
Through a long life, and at the last,
No cloud was o'er the future cast,
To dim Hope's spirit-cheering ray.

* * * * *

The grave—the grave!—(earth's trials past),
In it our forms shall rest at last,
It may be soon, and suddenly,
But never by the happiest,
(However long, however blessed
Their path through life), was e'er possessed
Aught earthly but must change or die.

Yet there's a "pearl" of priceless worth,
That may be gained while yet on earth;
My precious sister! it was thine.
This world was once too bright to me,
I view it now too gloomily;
Oh that to *bear* un murmuringly,
With humbled spirit trusting Thee,
Blessed Redeemer! may be mine!

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CHAMBER OF AN INVALID, AGED 79.

It is her birthday ; and she wanders back,
In memory, and in fitful slumbers,—back
To days of early youth, and love, and joy :
She sees, through that long vista, one green spot,
The home of wedded love, that for brief space
Was hers,—but five short years, and since that time,
More than twice twenty she has seen pass by.

But still, she says, she often thinks of *him*,
Youthful and beautiful, who died so young ;
Thinks of him daily now,—and then she tells
How kind he ever was, through every change ;
Tells his last words to her, and to their child,
And how in his cold hands he held her own,
Until they led her from his lifeless corse.

Oh, blessed is such memory !—to us
It is not given to know the day or hour,
In which our lips, or those we love, shall be
Forever closed in death. An unkind word
Spoken to one beloved, may be the last
Heard by that one from us. Should it be so,
Memory, to us, may prove a scorpion,
With never dying sting.

HUMILITY.

“So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again unto thee, and thou shalt be clean.”—II KINGS 5:9, 10.

THE Syrian, though he travelled far,
Relief from suffering to ask,
Scorned the great prophet's mild command,
And proudly spurned the *easy* task;
He deemed that in all Israel's land
No waters could be found, that ever
Had worth like those he left behind,—
Pharpar's bright stream, Abana's river.

And thus it is, we feel the need
Of a physician to the soul,
And, Naaman-like, we ask of Heaven
What shall be done to make us whole;
But—told what seems a *little* chain,
Formed by long habit, must be broken,—
We slight the warning voice, and ask
A *greater* thing, a stronger token.

Oh! let us humbly turn, and prize
The “still small voice,” the least command
Given to correct our erring course,
And guide it to a better land.
If called to act the humblest part,
Obedience will secure a blessing,
Though what we ask may be denied,
Ours will be all that's worth possessing.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE REMARK, "THERE IS NO SAFETY BUT IN OUR
FATHER'S HOUSE."

WANDERER, through the bright, bewildering
Maze of worldly pleasure, see
What bright flowers (their thorns are hidden),
Bloom spontaneously for thee.
How serene the sky above thee!—
In such scene can danger be?

Yes! a sword is hanging o'er thee,
There are hidden pits around,—
But *a narrow path before thee*,
Leading (o'er unshaken ground),
To thy "Father's house," where only
Rest and safety may be found.

Rest on "perfect love" and mercy,
Yet no hour exempt from care,
For thy place will be the watch-tower,—
Watchfulness and ceaseless prayer,
With thy Saviour's grace to aid thee,
Must make sure thy refuge there.

Thou! from a long dream, awaking
To the truth, that naught below,
(Howe'er bright its early promise),
E'er can happiness bestow;
Though the stream of desolation
Over all most cherished flow;

Though thy chosen props are failing
 To support thee,—though the ground
 From beneath thy feet is sliding,—
 Safety may e'en yet be found ;
 Seek thy "Father's house," where only
 Is a balm for every wound.

Gracious Saviour ! bowed before thee,
 There are hearts, well taught to know
 Here they must "have tribulation,"
 But too weak, too frail to go
 To their "Father's house,"—Thou only
 "Strength in weakness" canst bestow.

Wilt thou, howe'er deep and bitter
 Must their cup of suffering be,
 Teach them proofs of love and mercy
 In thy chastening to see,
 Teach to tread their path unmurmuring,—
 Grant it lead at last to Thee !

1845.

THE FUGITIVES FROM INJUSTICE IN BOSTON.

THEY came through perils, only known
 To those, who, guided by the ray
 Of one bright star, to lands unknown,
 Find unimagined dangers thrown
 Around their paths ; and day by day,
 Start, as they seem to hear the bay
 Of bloodhounds following their track,
 Urged on by men more fierce than they,
 And listen for the murderous shot;—
 But death, e'en such a death, is not
 Feared, as they fear the coming day
 May see them borne to bondage back.

Such dangers and such fears were passed ;
They stood amid kind friends at last.
Nor only friends,—for *there* was one,
A woman, who long since had thrown
Her fetters off—and dreamed no more,
Of meeting those she loved before ;
But she had found the one most dear,
 Her mother to her arms was given !
And warmly, almost wildly, she
 Poured forth her soul-felt thanks to Heaven.

There were four others,—men, still young,
Whose spirits, past endurance stung
By countless, nameless wrongs,—at length
 Trusted that He, who gave *a star*
To guide their way, would give them strength
 To gain a home, and freedom, far
Beyond the reach of *their* control,
Who fetter body, heart, and soul.

Then hundreds gathered round, to hear
 The tale of trials each could tell,—
And one spoke of a wife and child
 In bondage with him, loved so well,
He risked his life, and theirs, to gain
Freedom from the too-galling chain.
And gratefully of one he told,
Who promised, in a vessel's hold
To carry them concealed away,—
 His wife and child in safety there
 He placed, and hastened to prepare
For joining them another day.

But when again he reached the shore,
The ship he sought was seen no more,
'Twas sailing far away!
And he—he would not pause to tell
Of grief, and fear, and doubt that fell
Upon his heart,—nor how their spell
He broke, with courage naught could quell,
For he had caught a ray
Of hope; with speechless rapture fraught,
Had heard the wife, the child he sought,
Were in Toronto safe,—and he
With them, please Heaven, ere long would be.

That mother, then, and daughter told
Their tales,—nor could restrain
Their fervent gratitude and joy,
That they had met again;
Had met amid the kind, the free,
And, more than all, at liberty.

An old man rose; his crown was bald,
But locks, by time and sorrow bleached,
In snow-white curls, on either side,
Down even to his shoulders reached.
He too had been a slave, and long
Had borne unmurmuringly the wrong,
The lengthened task, the wanton blow,
And much that only slaves can know;
But e'en in his degraded lot
He found one bright, one happy spot,
Found flowers upon his pathway strewn,—
A wife and children were his own.

His own ! Alas ! how vain the trust,
Which the confiding slave reposes
On those who trample in the dust
The laws of kindred and of love,
Of men on earth, and Heaven above,—
How vain such trust, each day discloses !

Of change, of poignant grief he told ;
They sold his wife, one child they sold,
And left him only one ;
And oh, how closely did his heart
(With all beside thus forced to part),
Cling round that much-loved son !
He was a gentle, noble boy ;
And soon with deep, but fearful joy,
His father marked his spirit high,
And stronger, stronger grew the tie
Which their lone spirits bound.
It softened e'en the deep regret
For those they never could forget,
And in their saddened lot were yet
Bright gleams of pleasure found.

Pleasure, that soon was swept away,
For, from his arms the boy they tore ;
He too was sold, and on that day
Enjoyment, even hope was o'er ;
There was not left a single ray
To light the gloom of bondage more.

And then he vowed to break his chain,
Or, should the attempt be made in vain,
Even the threatened death would be
Preferred to life in slavery.

The first attempt *did* fail, and all
They'd threatened was endured, save death.
The bloody lash just ceased to fall,
In time to spare the failing breath.
But added tortures moved him never
From his firm purpose, and when strength
Returned, he strove again to sever
His soul-felt fetters; and at length
Toil, danger, fear were past, and he
Stood thankfully among the free.

"Since then," he added, "many a year
Has passed. I could not *happy* be,
For memory dwelt on those so dear,
Forever, ever lost to me.
Yet I have been resigned and calm,
No worldly hopes or fears came o'er me;
For grief like mine earth has no balm,
And light from Heaven was beaming o'er me.
But feelings that I fancied slept
Forever, have awakened. I,
With spirit deeply moved, have wept
In thankfulness and sympathy
With those this day has reunited.
But while I share their grateful joy,
I think how all *my* hopes were blighted,
When parted from my noble boy.
My boy! oh, could I meet him now,
But place my hand upon his brow
And say, 'Dear John, you're mine,' and know
No tyrant's will could bid us part,
What perfect happiness would flow
Upon my desolated heart!"

The old man ceased; but ere was past
 The echo of the words he'd spoken,
 The breathless silence gathering there,
 By words that thrilled each heart, was broken:
 " *Father ! MY FATHER !*"—It was he,
 So loved, so mourned,—his long-lost son,
 Who rushed into his arms ; among
 Those welcome strangers he was one.

1842.

LINES

WRITTEN AT TUNESSASSAH, CATTARAUGUS COUNTY, NEW YORK.

MY HOME! my loved, my beautiful, my Pennsylvania home!
 Well, well will it remembered be, wherever I may roam ;
 Though the votaries of fashion and wealth may turn away
 From Nature's quiet loveliness, in search of scenes more
 gay,
 Not all that wealth or fashion to their favorites can impart,
 Could fill the place that spot has held, *will* hold within my
 heart ;
 And mingling with the thoughts of it, sweet cherished
 memories come,
 For it was—(four short years ago)—'twas "wedded love's
 first home."

Where now we dwell are wild, wild woods, and rushing
 streams around,
 And many a structure, rough and rude, sheltering strange
 inmates found.
 Brightly at evening glows our fire, but never does its light
 Reveal familiar face of friend, or kindred to our sight ;
 We know all such, where'er they be, are very far away ;—
 Of some we think when comes, what is, for them a "*meet-*
 ing day,"

In many a well-remembered spot, where oft we sat of yore;—
 Now we sit in our solitary home, by Alleghany's shore;
 But we know who promised long ago, that where but "two
 or three"

Were met together in His name, He in their midst would be;
 And though well taught that, of ourselves, we are but poor
 and frail,

His grace can give e'en us to know his promise doth not
 fail.

Here once, a well-remembered eve, were contrite spirits
 blended,

And by our hearthstone then, the voice of praise and
 prayer ascended;

"The prayer of faith,"—"the fervent prayer,"—may such
 petitions be

Offered before the throne of grace, not unavailingly!

* * * * * *

Though shadows be (as they *must* be), across our pathway
 thrown,

That Power who bade us hither, from our own loved dwell-
 ing come,

Sheds spirit-cheering light upon our solitary home.

First month, 1850.

A FRAGMENT.

"FAITH LIES AT ANCHOR IN THE MIDST OF THE WAVES."

OH! for such faith, when round me

The waves are rolling high;—

Though their white foam surround me,

To keep a steadfast eye

Where I know, e'en then is shining
A star forever bright,
Though waves and clouds combining,
Conceal it from my sight.

TUNESSASSAH, 1850.

RETRIBUTION.

[The circumstance related below, rests on the authority of a Clergyman in the North of England.]

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?"—PROVERBS 24:11, 12.

A DEEP but narrow stream rolled darkly by,
Showing no danger to a stranger's eye,
But to its bosom mountain streams had poured,
And swollen to fearful height the usual ford;
This to a dweller near the bank was known,
Who marked the current from his hillside home,
And saw a traveller on the farther side,
Approach incautiously the deepened tide.
How could he warn him? for his eye, intent
To find the ford, was on the water bent;
No time to meet and save,—but there was one
More near the bank, might send a signal on;
To *him* he cried, "The stream cannot be crossed,
Oh! warn yon stranger that his life is lost
If he attempt it." But each earnest word
Fell on the listener's ear as though unheard,
Until he coldly said, "Can he not see?
'Tis his own business, and is nought to me!"

*He did not warn him ! and the billows bore
The traveller's lifeless body to the shore ;
He looked—oh ! well that pallid face was known,—
A hue as death-like fixed upon his own,
He shook with horror, agony, remorse,
And late repentance,—'twas his father's corse !*

Does censure mingle with the pitying thought
Of one thus suffering?—be the moral brought
Home to each breast. From hill and valley round,
Where'er free spirits and pure hearts are found,
We hear a voice of warning, loud and deep,
To rouse the oppressor,—“ comfort those who weep.”
And do we send it onward ? As we prize
Our peaceful homes, and dear domestic ties,
Let us—however humble be the task
To each assigned—let us not pause to ask
Of what avail can be *our* feeble powers ?
Or say, “ It is *their* business, and not ours.”
Oh ! “ doth not he that pondereth the heart,”
Give each one power to perform a part ?
Doth he not, soon or late, the *effort* bless
To make the suffering of the wretched less ?

Had he who would not give one sign to save
Him, whom he deemed a stranger, from the grave,
Had he but warned, and striven to give relief,
Remorse would not have added to his grief.

TO MY FATHER.

——“Time has brought me, as it passed,
More valued joys than those it banished.”

THY locks are silvery !—I remember well,
When with my *little* fingers in thy hair,
I searched to find the few that Time had changed,—
So different from the sable hundreds there.
“My child, come hither !”—and into thy chair,
Or to thy arms I sprang;—’twas long ago;—
There are who tell us peace with childhood flies,
That after-years no happiness bestow ;
But, thanks to thee, I have not found it so ;
Bright, and still brighter joys endear my home,
And friends, by many a trial proved, are mine,
And mine to know that wheresoe’er I roam,
Thy *heart* will greet me, when again I come,
To take my place in the loved circle here,
The dearest place on earth !—of all my dreams,
Or wishes for the future—still most dear
The hope, that I may never cause a tear
Of sorrow, where I’ve found such changeless love ;
How truly, gratefully, I value it,
May future years enable me to prove.

[A young girl suffered with a diseased tooth, which her dentist wished to extract, but objections were made, and some weeks passed before it was removed; then a physician was immediately called, who at once said she could not live more than forty-eight hours.]

SUDDEN as a burst of thunder
When no cloud is in the sky,—
Came the message,—kindly spoken,
But how awful,—“Thou must die!”

“Die!” exclaimed the stricken maiden,
“I am only seventeen!—
Oh! I cannot!—mother, tell me
That it is not death you mean.

“‘It must be!’—what shall I do then?
‘Pray!’—alas! what can I say?
I have knelt and *said my prayers*,
But I know not how to *pray*.”

Writhing then in speechless anguish,
Sank her spirit to despair;
But e’en in that darkest hour,
Was redeeming mercy there.

’Twas no human agent taught her
In her agony to pray;
But the light a Saviour brought her,
Showed the one unerring way.

Then she prayed!—as gave the Spirit
Utterance. Ere twice rose the sun,
Humbled, and resigned, and calmly,
Could she say, “Thy will be done!”

Ere another night closed round her,
 Dawned, we trust, a brighter day;
 From all pain, and fear, and sorrow,
 Was her spirit called away.

A monument of Mercy!—may it be
 A heeded warning! e'en more suddenly
 To younger, older, may the message come;
 Are we prepared for such a summons home?
 Home to our "Father's house?" And who can say,
 "I live as though I knew the present day
 Must be my last?" Oh! may we strive *aright*
 To labor while 'tis day, for soon will come the night.

1869.

[The "Friend" to whom the following lines were addressed dreamed a person came and broke the staff he used in walking. Next morning his wife was taken ill; he said he *thought of his staff*. She died in a few days.]

TO AN AGED FRIEND.

"For thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—PSALM 23:4.

THY earthly staff is broken,
 And beneath the heartfelt blow,
 Thy dearest human feelings
 In bitter anguish flow.

For long, long years, unclouded
 Shone affection's cheering ray;
 But earth's most valued blessing
 At last must pass away.

Whate'er the tie that binds us
 To the dearest, kindest friend,
 There comes an hour of parting—
 Such union death must end.

But hast thou not a firmer,
 A *changeless* staff, e'en now?
 Hast thou not learned, unmurmuring,
 To thy Master's will to bow?

Yes, quiet resignation
 In thy placid look appears;
 HE who in youth was trusted,
 Blesses thy latter years.

His "rod and staff" thy "comfort"
 Through all the past have been,
 And they will never leave thee,
 E'en in life's closing scene.

1839.

"THE GROUND ON WHICH WE STAND IS OUR
 INHERITANCE."

MAY it—the ground on which I stand—
 Be changeless faith, Oh! Lord, in thee.
 And may thy precept, thy command,
 My rule of thought and action be!

That ground is calm, when worldly storms
 Lay many a prouder dwelling low;
 And only there is ever found
 That peace the world cannot bestow.

Oh, then, to place and keep me there,
 Thine all-sufficient grace dispense!
 And may the "God of Jacob" bless
 The lot of my inheritance.

1825.

MOTHER AND SON.

"Not my will, but Thine, be done."—LUKE 22 : 42.

A LOVELY babe lay motionless,
 His lips compressed in pain;
 His pulse had fluttered, paused, as though
 It ne'er would throb again.
 They deemed his suffering almost o'er,
 He knew no mental strife;
 And death to him had not a pang,
 Save that of parting life.

Their pastor knelt in prayer, beside
 The sinless infant's bed:
 "*Thou! who canst save the dying—Thou!*
Whose power can raise the dead,
Spare, if it be"—The mother wrung
 Her hands in agony.
 "Oh! say not *if*—my boy! my boy!
 He must not, *shall* not die."

He did not die!—the unequal breath
 Seemed struggling to depart—
 But yet he lived—and lived to wring
 His mother's erring heart.

A disobedient, reckless boy,
Her love he ne'er returned,
But all her kindness, all her care,
With hardened spirit spurned.

What felt she then? Oh! none can tell
Her grief, her anguish wild;
Remorse embittered every thought
Of her guilt-branded child.
She lived to know the worst—but not
To watch his parting breath—
He numbered twice ten years of crime,
Then died a felon's death.

1836.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A MOTHER sat beside the couch
Where lay her infant boy,
In the calm sleep to childhood given,
Ere worldly cares annoy.
The babe was beautiful!—she gazed
With all a mother's pride,
And deemed the loveliest on earth
Was slumbering by her side.

That feeling passed, and love and fear
Were mingled in her breast;
She thought of future hours, when care
Or pain might banish rest;
And thought that he—that even he
So beautiful and pure,
Forsaking virtue's path, might stray
Where specious crimes allure.

How calm and innocent his breast!
Could guilt e'er enter there?
Would his e'er be a felon's death?
She breathed a mental prayer,
That rather now, e'en though so dear—
That now, while undefiled,
Pure as when Heaven bestowed the gift,
It would recall her child.

A prophet entered—one who came
Led by the unerring "Word,"
And answered to her secret thought,
"Woman! thy prayer is heard."
And it was heard!—a few more days
To that loved child were given,
And then, secure from future ill,
His spirit was in Heaven.

1836.

DEATH-BED OF A SLAVEHOLDER.

THEY had departed,—they who lately stood
Beside the death-bed of an aged man,
To witness his last act; his trembling hand
(Then, when he felt that he was leaving all
His earthly treasures), traced his signature
To rich bequests of money, houses, lands,
And,—even in that awful hour, his frame
By palsy stricken, when he felt his heart
Ere long must cease to beat,—to others he
Secured the power (so soon to pass from him),
Of holding fellow-men in slavery.

And then he slept,—the excitement past, he sank
Into a deep, long slumber ; but there still
Was one who watched beside him, holding there,
Communion with her own soul and Heaven.

Hers had been the deep, speechless grief, that wrings
With overwhelming agony, the heart
To which such trial comes,—and she had prayed
For resignation and for strength, and they
Were mercifully granted her ; she felt
Her Heavenly Father still would care for her ;
And to a high, a sacred duty, then
She turned.

Her sire awoke, and thankfully
She marked the light yet beaming in his eye,
Performed each needful office, then with low
And faltering voice, “Father !” she said. “My child,
What would’st thou ? speak ! is aught upon thy mind ?”
“There is, my father !—yes, there is,—I’d ask
To whom you’ve willed your slaves ?”—“My Isadore,
It is not like you, to concern yourself
With such affairs,—but I have wellnigh done
With all of earth, and, dear one, not from you
Wish I concealment ; twenty-five I give
Your mother, thirty to my eldest son,
And to your younger brother twenty-five.
To you, my child, a portion will be paid,
Giving you wealth at your command alone.”

“Thanks, dearest father !—yet, kind as you are,
And ever have been, I one favor more
Would ask.” “My daughter, why disturb me thus,
The close of life so near ?” “It pains me much,
But I must speak. My father, will you grant
My one request ?” “I will, my child.” “I ask
You then to give your slaves to me,—no more

I wish of your possessions." "Why, my girl, They are not worth half I have given you, And would to you be useless." "No, oh, no! The moment they are mine they shall be free, And then, dear father, when your soul is called To judgment, there will be no record of Your having doomed to hopeless slavery, Your fellow-beings."

To that old man's brow
A dark shade came, and minutes passed away,
In which he spoke not. Then he said, "So short
My time,—call my physician, Isadore."
He was obeyed, and anxiously inquired,—
"May I yet hope to live for three hours more?"
The answer cheered him, and his latest hours
Were blest by penitence and hope,—*he gave
Freedom to all his slaves.*

And Isadore,—
The gold he left her was the smallest part
Of her inheritance ; the gratitude,
The warm affection of the disenthralled,
Were hers for life. And they,—did they go forth,
To Northern streets and alleys, indolent,
Poor, and dependent?—Or were they allured
By false, but specious, tales, to leave their home,
Their country, seeking a more genial clime,—
Finding but misery and early graves?
No, no, they are what others have been, what
Thousands beside *would be*, with such a friend,
Industrious, faithful,—toiling cheerfully
For those by whom, but for that gentle girl,
They had been held in bondage ; and they too,—
Her brothers, bless her,—feeling that the guilt
Once theirs, is now removed ; and proving too

By thousands added to their former store,
 What gain is theirs, who from the laborer
 Withhold not his reward.

1842.

TO S. B.

“Keep yourselves from idols.”—1 JOHN 5 : 21.

THOU’ST seen, where Ganges’ far-famed waters flow,
 Men worship idols—(idols of the clay
 Beneath their feet), hast seen them lowly bow
 E’en to the work of their own hands, and pray
 To a frail image, that the next moment may
 Sweep from their view forever. Didst thou then
 Turn lightly from the piteous sight away,
 Nor deem that ever, ’mid more gifted men,
 ’Twould be thy lot to mark worship like that again?

Like that?—nay, far more sorrowful! to us
 What priceless, countless blessings have been given!
 Can we remember them, nor how our souls
 In humble, ceaseless gratitude to heaven?
 Can we e’er turn from pure, “indwelling” light
 To phantoms that may lead to rayless night?

Yes, e’en where *inspiration* sheds
 Its holy light around,
 Is many an altar, many a shrine
 Of *idol worship* found.
 Sometimes we dream that from such shrine
 Beams a celestial ray;
 Sometimes we *know* the image there
 Is but of painted clay;
 And yet, alas! to *it* is given
 Devotion only due to heaven.

Oh! let us search our hearts to find
The idols cherished there,
And seek for strength to banish them,
By penitence and prayer:—
More guilty far shall we be held,
Than they on Ganges' shore,
If, for the "much" we have received,
We do not render more,—
More than those poor benighted men,
Whom we may pity, not condemn.

1839.

"BEER-LAHAI-ROI."

How sad, how utterly cast down
And desolate, felt HAGAR when,
The present and the future dark,
She turned her from the haunts of men,
To wander in the wilderness,
With scarce a hope her path to bless.

Yet in that deeply trying hour,
She found the All-seeing eye was there;—
And after, when, 'neath added grief,
Her spirit yielded to despair,
She heard again that blessed voice,
That bade her fainting soul rejoice.

"Thou seest me!"—Oh! how desolate,
How dark soe'er our path may be,
We may look up in faith and hope,
And humbly say, "Thou seest me."
Even if sunk in sin, we know
Whence does a healing fountain flow.

For countless blessings poured around
 Our paths, how thankless do we prove,
 Till, Blessed Saviour ! taught to feel
In Thy deep chastening, Thy love.
 Finding this world a wilderness,
 We learn that Thou alone canst bless.

Thou seest us in extremest grief,
 Even in such deep agony
 As Hagar's, when she turned aside,
 Leaving her dearest one to die.
 When human strength is powerless,
 Thy boundless mercy still can bless.

Oh ! to feel this ! 'Tis Thou alone
 Canst teach it to the stricken heart,
 And often, in thy love, 'tis taught,
 By bidding cherished hopes depart :
 Oh ! most unworthy though we be,
 Grant that we humbly, thankfully,
 May say, and feel, "Thou seest me."

1844.

"STRIVE FOR THE RIGHT."

(LINES WRITTEN BY REQUEST.)

PROGRESS ! Reform ! Improvement !
 Repeated o'er and o'er,
 In lecture, song, and sermon,
 Sounding from shore to shore.

Those words are ringing round us :
 Lo here ! lo there ! we're told,
 Mingling in such confusion
 As Babel showed of old.

So various is their meaning,
Should we choose one for a guide,
Would not others come before us,
Thrusting the first aside ?

Not from them, however specious,
Should we seek to make a choice ;
But in quiet and in patience,
List for "a still small voice."

The earthquake, wind, and fire,
Claimed not the prophet's care,*
But when came that "small" yet powerful voice,
He knew the Lord was there.

Still there!—the olden prophets
Have long since passed away ;
And some may query sadly,
"The fathers, where are they?"

Yet we have that voice unerring,
That sacred inward Light,
Which, if followed humbly, faithfully,
Will guide our steps aright.

But the unwearied tempter
Has many a specious wile,
To right or left hand errors
Still striving to beguile.

And human strength is powerless,
Or aids to lead astray ;
He who is strength in weakness
Alone can guide our way.

* 1 Kings 19 : 11, 12.

And though too oft rebellious,
If repentant, He will prove
An Advocate for mercy,
With the Holy One above.

1870.

A CONTRAST.

A SCREAM of heart-rending agony
From Susquehanna's tide
Rang far around, and a mother rushed
To the swollen river's side.

The voice of her son—a noble boy—
Rose 'mid the water's roar,
As he strove, against the current's force,
To gain the distant shore.

There were *two* who heard her fervent prayer,
The sinking child to save;
The one was a "*free white citizen*,"
The other a "*dark-browed slave*."

The sufferer's efforts more feeble grew,
More faint his despairing cry;
The white man glanced at the awful scene,
And said, "The boy will die!"

"Die! if he must, I will die with him,"
Exclaimed the generous slave.
A plunge—a struggle—unshrinkingly
He met each raging wave.

With fearless soul, but fast-failing strength,
The rescued boy he bore
To his mother's wild embrace, then sank
Exhausted on the shore.

But soon, with a pulse till then unknown,
His heart throbbed high and free:
His chain was broken by grateful hearts,
He rose to LIBERTY!

1838.

[It was said by Caleb Pennock, an ancient and estimable minister of the Society of Friends, that *that* Society was like an old building, which must all be taken apart, and the sound timbers used to erect another edifice.]

OH! who amongst us will there be,
When tried and proved, who will be found
Worthy to fill a place where all
Must be unwavering and sound?
Some, viewed as pillars nought can move,
May hollow and unworthy prove.

But leave we them to Him whose eye
Sees not as erring mortals see;
And looking to ourselves, inquire
What place assigned to us may be,
When tried by an unerring test,—
The secret feelings of the breast.

Oh! may we for the trial hour,
Be striving humbly to prepare;
And heed the warning voice that cries,
In earnest tones,—Beware, beware!

Lean not on that which is decayed,
 Lest with it ye be lowly laid.
 “*Cease ye from man,*” however pure,
 Upright, and firm he may appear;
 Look not to friend or brother, though
 Gentle and kind and very dear;
 Let one unerring voice be heard
 Alone—the pure “inspeaking word.”

That voice will lead us as it led
 Our “early Friends,” and oh! may we
 Humbly and earnestly take heed
 To the “sure word of prophecy.”
 Even till the “dark place” departs,
 “And the day-star rise” in our hearts.

TO S. L.

ONCE again I’m parted from thee,
 Dearest!—Once again
 Memory, hope, and fear are mingling
 In my heart and brain,—
 Yet I’d banish idle fancies,
 They are very vain.

Kind, warm-hearted welcomes greet me,
 Friends of early years,—
 Friends and kindred gather round me,
 Cordial and sincere.
 Yet a cloud o’er all is resting,
 For thou art not here!

Friend, protector, guide,—my husband!
 Still I turn to thee,
 Haply it may be too fondly.
 May—oh! may I be,
 'Mid my countless blessings, ever
 Looking to the gracious Giver
 Of them all to me.

1859.

THE TEMPTED.

'Twas a wedding party—the gay and the fair,
 The young and light-hearted assembled there;
 If grief were among them 'twas hidden,—it seemed
 That pleasure alone from each sparkling eye beamed,
 Not one clouded brow in the circle was found,
 All was gayety there,—and *the wine-cup went round*.
 The wine-cup went round,—there was one passed it by,
 Calmly, firmly, or giving a playful reply
 To the thoughtless who blamed, or the heartless who sneered,
 He asked not their praise, nor their ridicule feared;
 But felt,—to the past as he silently turned,
 Unless now the *first draught* from the goblet were spurned,
 The strength he had prayed for, and gained, would be o'er,
 No safety remained if he tasted it more!
 There was one whom he loved,—she was there, she would
 see,
 With temptation around him, how firm he could be.
 But she stood by his side—the wine-cup in her hand,
 And in tones 'twixt entreaty and playful command,
 Exclaimed, “Oh, so obstinate, how can you be?
 You will not, you *cannot* refuse it from me!”
He did not refuse it, and proud of her power,
 She enjoyed it awhile,—but alas for that hour!

Time passed,—they were wedded,—and soon from her side
 He wandered, and left her a desolate bride,
 Or returned to his home, with the withering blight
 Of intemperance upon him—she wept at the sight.
 But her tears are unheeded; or answered, as yet
 Her reasoning, entreaties, reproaches, are met,—
 He bids her remember that night, when a draught,
 In obedience to her, from the goblet he quaffed,
 Says that others had urged, *might* have urged him in vain,
 His soul, but for her, had been free from that stain;
 And she feels such reproaches were earned but too well,—
 In trials and sorrows that no one can tell,
 And in fruitless repentance, she passes her life,
 A hopelessly wretched inebriate's wife!

1841.

THANKSGIVING.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—EPH. 5:19, 20.

THE sun is beaming o'er a glorious scene,
 Late shrouded in the rayless gloom of night,—
 The same kind hand which hid that scene from view,
 Restores it now, more freshly, purely bright;
 Thus, while we sleep, an eye that never sleeps,
 Watch over our unconscious breathing keeps:
 Therefore give thanks.

The morn of life in dewy freshness shines,
 Its clouds but temper noon's too fervid ray,

And in the evening sunbeams, richly glow
 The fruits and flowers nurtured in early day ;
 From storms is shelter offered—heavenly calm ;
 In the most bitter cup is mingled balm,
 Therefore give thanks.

The Moslem priests proclaim an hour of prayer,
 And every head is bowed, each knee is bent
 At *their* command. To us, from all around,
 A holier call for prayer and praise is sent,—
 From nature's changes, sunshine, shade, and shower,
 From countless blessings, marking every hour,
 Therefore give thanks.

Give thanks !—but in no lightly spoken words,—
 From the deep fountains of a contrite heart,
 Be “ spiritual,” unspoken praises poured,—
 The humble and confiding Christian's part !
 To Him, our Father, evermore the same,
 “ For all things ” in our blessed Saviour's name,
 Give thanks ! give thanks !

1839.

STANZAS.

“ And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want.”—LUKE 15 : 14.

How bright and beautiful our world !
 How rich in all that nature brings ;
 Above, around, beneath our feet,
 Unnumbered are her offerings.
 And minds are given us to enjoy
 The countless treasures poured around,
 And deep, rich founts of sympathy
 In many a kindred heart are found.

Yet—*there's a famine in the land ;*
And who has not “ began to be
In want ? ”—who does not sometimes feel
The humbled spirit's poverty ?
Though of earth's treasures all the best,
The purest, to our lot may fall,
Though rich in intellectual gifts,
We're poor indeed—*if these be all.*

If all our sustenance be drawn
From plants which have on earth their root,
Though bright their hour of blossoming,
At last we gather bitter fruit.
Oh, let us, ere it ripen, ere
Of Heaven's free gifts we spend our share,
Seek food for the immortal soul,
Where there is plenty yet to spare.

Then will the countless treasures, poured
Around our daily paths on earth,
Be thankfully received, but not
Valued above their real worth ;
A spirit, to enjoy aright
This world of beauty, will be given
To those who view it as a scene,
Through which their pathway leads to Heaven.

IMPROMPTU.

"Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."—
1 THESSALONIANS 5: 16, 17, 18.

ABOVE all vain repining,
With grateful spirit soar!—
In Heaven's unnumbered blessings
Rejoicing evermore.

That clouds which gather round thee,
May calmly pass away,
Or for strength to rise above them,
Pray!—without ceasing, pray!

For the healthful breeze of winter,
The balmy air of spring,—
For summer's flowers, and autumn's fruit,—
Give thanks for everything!

1839.

TO ———.

"As rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadows of a great rock in a
weary land."—ISAIAH 32:2.

THE world has desert places,
But to humble faith and prayer,
Will be given an oasis,
In the darkest pathway there.

However sad and dreary
Thy lot may sometimes be,
Remember, when most weary,
There's a place of rest for thee.

1841.

"HOUSEHOLD TREASURES."

WHAT are the treasures of earth? Behold !
The miser points to his hoarded gold ;
The pampered children of luxury,
To the glittering baubles that wealth can buy ;
The student tells of his gathered lore,
While with ceaseless labor he toils for more ;
And the answer as varying we find,
As the changing thoughts of the human mind.
But soon or late there may come a day,
When such treasures, "to moth and rust " a prey,
Shall, from those who valued them most, depart,
Or remain to probe the repentant heart.
Yet if 'mid the blessings, poured around
Our path through life, there be any found
So pure, so linked with our thoughts of heaven,
That we almost hope to be forgiven,
Though they share by far too large a part,
In the deepest feelings of the heart ;
Oh, if such treasures on earth there be,
They are found in guileless infancy,
The image of purity undefiled,
And the loving heart of a sinless child.
But, happy young mother, there cometh a day,
When thy "*household treasures* " shall pass away,
Thou may'st see them sink to an early grave,
Or leave thee the storms of the world to brave.
Dost thou strive to teach them, where'er they roam,
To seek the path to a heavenly home ?
Dost thou feel, the lines which thy hand shall trace
On their spirits now, time may ne'er efface ?

Remembering this query must answered be,
 "Those innocent ones that I gave to thee,
 To watch and to guide through the treacherous way
 Of the world's dark wilderness, where are they?"
 Oh, forget not, those so cherished and dear,
 Have "no continuing city here,"
 But humbly and earnestly pray that He,
 Who gave them, give "wisdom and strength to thee,"
 And his all-sufficient grace impart,
 To turn to himself each beloved one's heart.

1843.

HYMN.

"Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right *that* shall ye receive."—
 MATTHEW 20:7.

"ENTER, enter in and labor,"
 Still we hear the call;
 And the promise never broken,
 Still is made to all.

Howsoe'er our steps may wander
 From the beaten way,
 If the path we tread is brightened
 By a heavenly ray,

Pause no more in fear or doubting,
 Of the end to ask;
 Seek but willingness to labor
 In the appointed task.

Help and strength will then be given,
 And whate'er is *right*
 (Haply not what we may wish for),
 Will the toil requite.

Oh ! we know not what is needed,
To prepare the heart
With its many worldly idols,
Cherished long, to part.

All, all these, we may be bidden
Wholly to resign,
That against our feeble efforts,
They no more combine.

But a rich reward awaits us,
One of priceless worth,
Better far than all the treasures
Ever gained from earth.

Enter then the field of labor,
Soon our toil will be
Past, and the reward it brings us,
Ours eternally.

1840.

[MARY DOCKSTATER, daughter of Benjamin Pierce, a Seneca Indian, deceased Eighth month 18th, 1851.]

I SAW her first,
A meek young maiden, moving gracefully
Within her widowed father's humble home ;—
The home of many, young and motherless,
Who clung with strong, confiding love to her.
That had not always been her dwelling. She,
In a far distant city, had been taught
The housewife's useful arts, whose practice threw
An air of pleasantness on all around.

Then she became a wife, her chosen one
Sharing the home she dearly loved ; but oft
Did pain and sickness visit her.

She gave

To me a little token (cherished well)
Of kind regard, and then we parted, with
A hope to meet ere very long again.
We met no more ! With her "life's partner" she
At length went many miles away, to share
With him another home ; and months passed on,
But health returned not ;—and when died her babe,
There came a longing for her childhood's home—
A strong, o'erpowering wish to see again
That home, and loved ones there whom death had left.
And he, whose skill and medicine had failed
To check the steady progress of disease,
Said, "Not for her are many days on earth,
But take her thither ; she cannot survive
The disappointment of a hope so dear."

Her parent asked her of "her state of mind,
In view of the departure of her soul
From mortal clay."

She said, "I have repented all my sin ;
I think that I am going now to Heaven,
And could praise Him with song forever. I
To go away am willing,—am prepared,
But God will do with me as unto Him
It seemeth good to do."

Then they (her father and her husband) brought
Her on her bed away ; and thrice twelve miles
Were to be passed to reach her home, beside
The quiet Alleghany. But when half
That distance had been traversed, failed the strength,
The little strength that had been hers till then.

She said, "Stop, father, I shall die—I am
 Now dying, and am ready." Then e'en there
 ('Twixt her two homes on earth), her spirit passed
 From earth forever, to a better home,
 As we sincerely trust; unto "an house
 Not made with hands," eternal in the Heavens.

Meek daughter of the noble Senecas!
 Thy memory will be dear to me. And oh!
 That He who gave thy parting spirit peace
 May in such awful hour "remember me
 According to His mercy."

TUNESSASSAH, 1851.

LINES

TO A CHILD WHO, IN ACUTE SUFFERING, EXCLAIMED, "OH!
 MOTHER, PRAY FOR ME; I DO NOT KNOW
 HOW TO PRAY."

Dost thou ask that another pray for thee?
 Words may be spoken on bended knee,
 Eloquent, beautiful, yet no share
 Of the spirit of prayer be breathing there.

Dost thou wish that thou mayst be taught the way,
 In sickness or pain for thyself to pray?
 Of thy Heavenly Father that lesson seek;
 He will teach thy spirit to Him to speak,
 He will teach thee if thou obey His voice,
 If the path of duty shall be thy choice,
 If thou do not rebelliously depart
 From His law that is written in thy heart,
 But strive in humility day by day
 To follow as He shall direct thy way.

Entreat that He give thee a heart to pray,—
 Not that no sorrow or care He send,
 But that strength to bear them His grace may lend.
 Whatever thy suffering may be,
 Remember who bore far more for thee;
 So mayst thou be able through grace divine
 To say, Not *my will* be done, but THINE.

1841.

LIVING WATER.

“Let him that is athirst, come: and whosoever will, let him take the water
 of life freely.”—REV. 22: 17.

HE who that sacred stream supplies,
 Has placed no barrier in the way;
 But human weakness, passion, pride,
 Oft lead us from the path astray.

In prospect, though that path may seem
 Dark, to our unenlightened view,
 If in sincerity we take
 Christ for our guide, he'll lead us through.

And light celestial, such as ne'er
 By worldly eyes is seen, will beam
 Around, *within* us, while we draw
 Refreshment from that living stream:

The stream of life! its water pure,
 To those who humbly seek, is given
 Freely on earth, preparing them
 To reach, at last, its source in heaven.

1841.

“FOLLOW ME.”

“If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.”
JOHN 21 : 22.

“FOLLOW thou me! and if I will
That he shall tarry, what to thee
Is that?” ’Twas thus our Saviour spoke,
Thus still he speaketh: “Follow me!”

Such is the call to every soul,
For (though by man’s rebellious will
So oft unheeded, or despised),
It pleads in love and mercy still.

Then follow Him in humble faith,
Nor deem that all must go astray,
Who do but “tarry” till the “Star
Of Bethlehem” shall direct their way.

Their path on earth may lead afar
From that in which thy lot is cast;
But all who follow Christ, will be
United in one fold at last.

LINES.

“Prepare the upper chamber of our hearts, &c.”—E. M. W.
(See Mark 14 : 15.)

WHAT is in the “upper chamber”
Of my throbbing heart to-day?
In this sunlight let me search it,
What is there to clear away?

There are humbly grateful feelings
For the good "our Father" sends;
There is grateful warm affection
For my many precious friends.

There are home and all its treasures,
Blessings of each passing day.
Is it not a sunny chamber?
Is there aught to clear away?

Oh, the vain self-righteous question!
Are they not as idols there?
Is there 'mid their bloom and sunshine,
For the Saviour room to spare?

Are there not in darkened corners,
Hidden from the light of day,
Wrong, rebellious feelings cherished,
And the better turned away?

Long, long years with countless mercies
Has my cup been running o'er;
But forgetful and ungrateful,
Can I, dare I, ask for more?

Oh, one more! that strength be given,
Strength for humble, earnest prayer—
Until my heart be cleansed and broken—
That He may pity not, nor spare.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

1 THESSALONIANS 5 : 17.

"MOTHER, why does the Apostle say,
'*Pray without ceasing*?' how can I pray,
When many around me I hear and see,
When my brothers and sisters talk to me,
At my daily tasks, in the crowded street,
When at home and abroad with friends I meet;
When other duties demand my care,
Dear mother, how can I kneel in prayer?"

"My child, thou mayst be favored to feel
The spirit of prayer, and yet not kneel;
Though many affections have a part
('Tis right they should), in thy warm young heart;
If thou learn to cherish, all else above,
The thoughts of a Saviour's boundless love,
Remembering thy own unworthiness still,
And humbly seeking to know His will;
If thou feel his presence is everywhere,
He will put in thy heart the voice of prayer.
Look on the ocean, the mountain, and plain,
The stately forest, and waving grain.
Do these but the wonders of Nature declare?
The hand of the *Author of Nature* is there!
From highest mountain to simplest flower,
All prove his creative, sustaining power.
But, my child, although the life of man
In this beautiful world is but a span,
The immortal soul is of far more worth
Than aught else our Creator placed on earth.
Oh, guard that treasure with grateful care!
Seeking for strength in unceasing prayer.

Though unspoken thy aspirations be,
 There's an ear to hear, and if earnestly
 Thou strive to subdue thy stubborn will,
 And thy Saviour's mandates to fulfil,
 A guiding light on thy path will shine;
 A blessed hope and trust may be thine,
 Which, guided and strengthened by grace divine,
 Shall (whatever else may demand thy care),
 Breathe in thy heart in unceasing prayer."

1842.

TO ———.

"Cease from thine own wisdom."—PROV. 23 : 4.

"For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."—1 COR. 3 : 19.

LEAVE me the faith, the childlike faith
 From memory's earliest record mine,
 Ere I had heard of unbelief,
 Or knew that men would rear a shrine

To reason, taking thither all
 They read or saw, or thought or heard,
 History, promise, prophecy,—
 E'en inspiration's sacred word.

Nor knew I then, that men would call
 Facts—"Bible truths,"—but types of things
 Present or past, or having place
 But in their own imaginings.

Ere I had heard of things like these,
 I had a little book, which told
 (A treasure to the infant mind)
 Of Joseph by his brethren sold :

And with what interest new and deep,
I from my primer learned to *say*
The hymn which told of that blessed babe,
Whose bed, whose "softest bed was hay."

Then too, how Ananias and
Sapphira died, was pondered o'er;
Then came the SCRIPTURES, with their rich,
And varied, and exhaustless store.
Dreaming not, of the records there,
That any could a doubt avow,
I asked no worldwise comments then,
I do not ask for any now.

But I *do* ask (and oh! for grace
To seek aright for what is meet),
That in His sacred words be found
"A lamp" to guide my wandering "feet."

United with the unerring light
In mercy placed "*within*" to shine!
Then leave to me the childlike faith,
From memory's earliest record mine.

1843.

BIDING THE STORM.

'Twas a dark and dreary autumnal day,
The summer brightness had passed away:
'Twas dreary and dark,—and with mournful sound,
Bringing storm and tempest, the wind rushed round.
Through an orchard of leafless trees it swept,
Which shivered and shook as its course it kept,
While their branches were tossed with a force that proved
How firm were the roots which remained unmoved.

A mother in Israel raised her head,
 And looked abroad from her dying bed,
 And said, the trees seem e'en firmer now,
 Than when foliage and blossoms were on each bough ;—
 Ah, a time of gloom and of storm is near,
 Of stripping and shaking,—until it appear
 Who shall firmly stand.

She is gathered home,
 And the time of which she spake has come.
 It has come! and they fall on either hand,
 As the storm sweeps the length and the breadth of our land.
 But yet there is ONE who can bid it cease,
 And say to the raging tempest, "PEACE."
 Oh, surely a remnant preserved shall be,
 Though "scattered and peeled,"—e'en a remnant that He
 Will bring through the fire, and try, and refine ;
 They shall call on His name—He shall say, They are mine.
 1858.

RESIGNATION.

"Consider the work of God ; for who can make *that* straight, which He hath made crooked ?"—ECCLES. 7 : 13.

THOUGH thy pathway be uneven,
 Do not murmur or repine,
 But unto the will of Heaven,
 In submission humble thine.

Did we find no cross or trial
 With our hopes and joys allied,
 And no cause for self-denial,—
 How would our faith be tried ?

Oh! let us strive, when bending
 Beneath a load of care,
 To turn to Him who's lending
 An ear to humble prayer;
 And pray,—not that no longer
 Sorrow or care we find,—
 But that our faith grow stronger,
 Our spirits more resigned.

Led by our wishes blindly,
 How should we go astray,
 If crosses were not kindly
 Placed sometimes in our way!

Then,—though “crooked” or uneven
 Our pathway,—may we still
 In submission bow to Heaven,
 Our wayward, selfish will.

1840.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

“We were ascending a mountain, and had frequent views of beautiful and varied scenery, but could not at any time see far before us my companion observed, our road was like that of the Christian.”

Most beautiful and true!—the Christian's path
 Is onward, upward, and though he but see
 A little way before, and cannot know
 What the next prospect, brought to view, may be;
 He feels his narrow way is safe, and feels
 (Though precipice and pitfall may be near),
 That if he do not pause, or turn aside
 From the plain pathway, there is naught to fear.

Bright, flowery labyrinths may meet his eye,
 With parch'd lips he may hear the murmuring rill,—
 See shaded banks inviting to repose,—
 But his one path is onward, upward still.

And when,—a point long seen, attained,—he views
 The perils and temptations left behind,
 What cause for humble, fervent gratitude,
 For strengthened faith and patience does he find ;
 And views around, fresh from their Maker's hand,
 Scenes, that, while wandering in the vale below,
 Pierced by its thorns, or culling fading flowers,
 He scarcely dreamed of, or ne'er hoped to know.
 And howe'er short his vision sometimes be,
 An humble trust is to his spirit given,
 That He whose "rod and staff" are with him here,
 Will, through a Saviour's mercy, lead to Heaven.

Oh! for a single eye to that pure light
 By which such pilgrims on their way are led ;
 Oh! for a part in the unclouded hope
 That cheers the dying Christian's humblest bed !

1844.

A CONTRITE SPIRIT.

"Be still, and know that I am God,"—Ps. 46 : 10. "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34 : 18.

WHEN piercing thorns are 'neath our feet,
 And darkly threat'ning clouds above,
 When narrower, narrower, day by day,
 Our path becomes—how blessed are they,
 Who, casting fear and doubt away,
 Trust in a gracious Saviour's love ;

Who, bowing in submission, hear
 The awful words, "*Be still!*" and know
 That thoughts and feelings cherished long,
 And ruling, in dominion strong,
 The erring heart, so prone to wrong,
 Deep shadows on their pathway throw.

Oh, for the calm, the holy calm,
 That only faith and hope impart!
 The faith and hope in Him alone,
 Who sitteth on the eternal throne,
 Who will the "contrite spirit" own,
 Whose mercy heals the "broken heart!"

1844.

THIRSTING NO MORE.

"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—JOHN 4: 13, 14.

WE drink from a fountain of pleasure,
 Whose source is on earth, and we dream
 We have found in its waters a treasure,
 So pure and unmixed do they seem;
 As they sparkle in brilliance so dazzlingly bright,
 We ask not whence comes that bewildering light.

But there cometh an hour of waking,
 When, faint and exhausted, we know
 That poisonous draughts we've been taking,—
 Polluted the source whence they flow;
 When the spirit feels thirst that this world cannot cure,
 That can only be quenched at a fountain more pure.

We are called to partake of the water
 Of life, springing up as of yore,
 When 'twas told to Samaria's daughter,
 "He who drinks shall be thirsty no more."
 Oh! humbly and gratefully may we receive
 What our Saviour, in mercy, thus offers to give.

1841.

HOSPITALITY.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—HEB. 13 : 2.

THE wanderer is coming again, to share
 Bright smiles of welcome, and friendly care ;
 They have ever been his when he passed that way,
 And tarried from eve till the dawning day,
 They have ever been his, and they touched his heart ;
 It was joy to meet,—it was pain to part ;
 For dear to the wanderer, wherever he roam,
 The kindness and care that remind him of home.
 He has come again,—and in all around,
 Are signs of approaching festivity found ;
 The smiling children who press to his side,
 In whispers tell of a *wedding*,—the bride,
 Their beautiful sister,—he breathes a prayer
 That she may be happy, as gentle and fair.

The guests are assembling, the bridegroom—but now
 Why comes that flush to the wanderer's brow ?
 His quivering lip, and his changing cheek,
 Of deep, overwhelming emotion speak.
 Why fixed on the bridegroom his fiery eye ?
 He knows him a villain of deepest dye!

Knows, long since his marriage vow was spoken,
And the faith he plighted unfeelingly broken ;
That the children and wife he deserted, yet live ;—
But a whispered threat does that recreant give,
A threat of deep vengeance, of *death*,—should he dare
That secret to utter ;—and must he then share
Such guilt ?—every feeling of honor forego ?
Resign that sweet girl to such misery ?—No !
To save her e'en yet, he at least will endeavor.
He speaks—and the false one is banished forever.
When the wandering stranger first came that way,
And a shelter asked at the close of day,
They were “not forgetful” (with plenty blessed),
Of the *stranger's claim*, and they bade him rest ;
They welcomed him still when that way he passed,—
And rich the reward he brought them at last.

1838.

THE END.



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